



POEMS AND STORIES.

By Maria Childs Parker




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DEAR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS :

 READ WITHOUT CRITICISM THE CONTENTS OF THIS LITTLE BOOK—
WRITTEN AT TIMES WHEN EVERY-DAY LIFE SEEMED TOO MEAGRE
FOR THE WANTS OF THE MIND, AND WITH A VIEW TO NEAR,
IF NOT TO REACH, A HIGHER SPHERE, FOR WHICH THE HUMAN
SOUL MUST EVER LONG.

MARIA HILDRETH PARKER.

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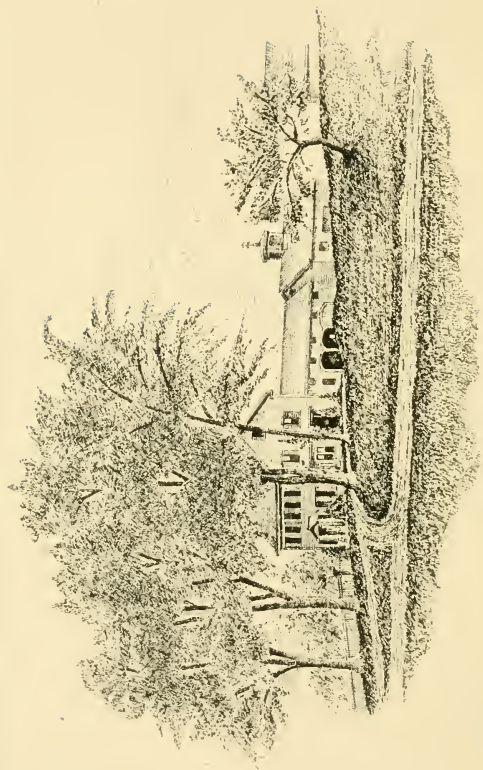
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THE HOMESTEAD.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Portion beloved of this fair earth the best,

Decked in the summer mantle of thy pride ;

Stretching thy arms exultant east and west,

Nursing the sunbeams on each sweet hill-side ;

To Thee, dear Friend, would I address my song,

Wake thy great heart to echoes loud and long.

The woods (thy children) played with me when young,

Shook their bright heads, and rocked me in their arms,

A sweet Æolian lullaby they sung,

Which, like a fairy tale, their nursling charms.

Long may they flourish, and a cradle be

For *future* generations as for *me*.

The stream that through the meadows tinted green

Gleams like a silver riband winding down

To meet the river in the distance seen —

The line between the country and the town —
 How like a strain of music soft and low
 It thrills my heart to see and hear it now!

The lane, the orchard, garden and the grove —
 Blest haunts in childhood's years of grief and joy —
 Tho' I through places Eden-like may rove,
 Their fairer impress naught can e'er destroy.
 Here early fancy spread her golden net,
 And mem'ry lingers where her seal is set.

But O! the house, the elm's o'er-sheltering pride,
 The large old-fashioned house, wherein have dwelt
 Four generations on our father's side,
 And there their meed of joy and pain have felt.
That room, with open fire and sunbeams wide,
 'T was *theirs*, our parents', there they sat, there died.

Yes, dear paternal home! I see it now
 As when we children gathered in at eve,
 So full of life, with gladness on each brow,
 A mother's care and counsels to receive.
 Since then, have all to men and women grown,
 And nearly all made *new* homes of their own.

Adieu! I too must leave, new paths to trace,
But proud and happy that behind remains
A brother worthy of the name and place,
In thy adornment who will spare no pains.
So may'st thou bloom, that on thee wondering eyes
May gaze, as on an earthly paradise.

MYSTIC ISLAND.

On a fair island dwelt a youth,
Mild, dreamy, but of stainless truth ;
A Poet he, whom fairest Muse
Her dearest favorite well might choose ;
A youth who oft from Nature's spring
To her would golden treasures bring,
With glowing cheek present the prize
And drink fresh ardor from her eyes.
Had young Apollo sought new grace,
He 'd found them in his form or face ;
But e'en his *own* charms to repair,
He scarce would rob such beauty rare.

Alone he dwelt in this bright spot :
That is, no *Mortal* shared his lot,
But Spirits of the air and deep
At this young *model* oft would peep.

An Eden we will call his home,
 A namesake it were proud to own;
 Eve had not shed the bitter tear,
 Could she have been transported here.

Flowers dipped in dye from every clime,
 Half-hidden by the fragrant vine,
 In native arbors free and wild,
 Strove to entice their worshipped child,
 Who, often wayward, loved to seek
 The shaded, music-breathing creek,
 Which blended with his mystic lyre,
 Softened, but did not quench its fire.

While fruits abundant, rich and rare,
 Flung their soft spices to the air,
 Trees, teeming with each tropic grace,
 Bent gently to the wind's embrace;
 And birds, from staid to rainbow hue,
 Warbled their wild songs ever new.
 It seemed that Nature's beauteous urn
 Had strangely met an overturn,
 Careless, when quick its balance gained,
 If profuse treasures yet remained;

But sent a soul, almost divine,
To worship at her rare-decked shrine.

The river, round this charming isle,
Shone like a Seraph's placid smile,
Save when it strove to overleap
And hide it with its treasures deep.
Then Woodnymphs' laugh rang loud and clear;
The wond'ring youth then oft would hear,
Borne on the breezes fresh and strong,
The Dryads' wild, exulting song,
And while its echo did remain,
Would thus repeat the woodland strain :

“ River Gods, and Naiads bold,
Laughing, we your forms behold ;
Mount your waves and urge them on,
'Mid the darkness of the storm.
Think ye, our pure gem to hide
'Neath your fiercely rolling tide ?
Sleeping, smiling, safe it lies,
Guarded by our watchful eyes.

Then toss your foam
On our bright home,

We love to throw it back,
 Caught in the gleam
 Of the shining beam
 That marks your rapid track."

Then Naiad fair
 With gold-green hair
 Would white arms towards them fling,
 In tones like swell
 Of winds through shell,
 A mournful echo sing :

"Long years have rolled by,
 Since first with sad eye
 I marked thy enchanting domain,
 And tears to the wave
 In myriads gave,
 That I for a home it might claim.
 The God of the deep
 Raised a numerous fleet
 And strove the fair prize to obtain ;
 But baffled he fell
 And caught in a shell ;
 Repose soon returned to the main.

And oft in his rage
 He since will engage
 In conflict both fearful and wild,
 While seaweed I twine,
 For ne'er can be mine
 The home of the proud mortal child."

The waves around her gently close.
 The youth a pitying glance bestows,
 And musing on the sweet, sad tone,
 Felt for the first time, "I 'm alone."
 A void seemed opened in his soul,
 Which strangely marred the blissful whole.
 The strife had ceased, and slept the wave,
 As there a ling'ring look he gave ;
 Then turned, some fairer haunt to find,
 To soothe the rufflings of his mind.
 Wond'ring, he sees a hand of snow
 Waving before him to and fro ;
 He follows where it slowly leads
 O'er gentle hills and fragrant meads,
 But smiles, amazed at fancy's power,
 To see it now a snow-white flower.
 He kneels to taste the bubbling stream,

And finds it but a shadowy beam ;
 On him a sweet voice seems to call —
 'T is but the murm'ring waterfall ;
 A lovely form is by his side,
 But from his gaze behold it glide.
 " 'T is strange," he murmurs, " life to me.
 Seems all a mocking phantasy."
 Then sudden with a beaming smile,
 " I 'll seek the Genius of the Isle."

An airy path before him shone,
 Leading to her radiant throne.
 With beating heart and throbbing brow,
 He now before her bendeth low.
 " Immortal Goddess, pray incline ;
 In pity hear this woe of mine.
 The cause beseech thee to impart
 Of this young sorrow in mine heart."
 While dews celestial quick descend,
 On him her starry eyes now bend.
 Her robe, in folds of shining white,
 Around her floats in silv'ry light ;
 Her golden hair through laurel gleams,
 And o'er her sheds refulgent beams.

“Ungrateful youth, why seek'st thou me
 With fancied tale of misery?
 Thy sole domain this charming isle
 Where Nature's rarest sweets beguile,
 Health, gentle Peace (thy handmaids fair),
 For Pleasure's call thy soul prepare,
 While Virtue, with her white-winged train,
 Hovered around thee (not in vain),
 Till mingling there a vulture came,
 Screaming, and Discontent its name.
 Bird of Evil thou didst cherish,
 Pure contentment then must perish.
 Go, then, thy mind at peace shall be;
 When the cord is loosed, the bird free.”

Again he kneels, then quick retires,
 While calmer thought his soul inspires.
 O'er all the blooming isle he strays,
 No beauty small escapes his gaze.
 Its charm he owns, and seeks to find
 In it a solace to his mind.

What voice from spirit-land now sings,
 And with it unknown rapture brings?

In words of soft Æolian strain,
The song floats upward from the main :

“ Farewell, happy isle,
 To me thou canst never
Be more than a smile,
 Adieu ! then, forever.
I go to my home
 ’Neath the green winding wave,
In shrouds of white foam,
 I ’ll there find a grave.
Proud mortal, from thee
 Could I but claim a tear,
Sole gem it should be
 To shine on my bier.
Dark, dark it must be ;
 The tear and the smile
Belong not to me ;
 Farewell ! thou blessed isle.”

His heart-strings grew hushed, the voice still,
Whose plaintive tone had waked each thrill.
Himself, the island, all a grave
Had found beneath the Undine wave.

Then bounding lightly to the shore,
Which proudly looked the waters o'er,
In song free, gushing from the soul,
His thoughts now o'er the calm deep roll :

“Return, O return, thou Spirit of Dew,
Lift thy bright form 'bove its mirror of blue ;
The sunbeams would pale, reflected with thee ;
Rise in thy beauty, thou Light of the Sea.
Return, O return, for region more fair
Than palace of coral, or pearl, prepare ;
My soul, swiftest herald, with rose-tipped wing,
Is hov'ring round thee, a message to bring ;
One ray of thy love its plumage would gild
With glory immortal, its dream fulfilled.”

Behold, a silver wave doth rise,
In sweetest echo thus replies :

“Adieu, adieu, ye waters bright,
Adieu, ye realms of crystal light,
Ye kindred spirits, shout and sing.
Heard ye the voice of the Isle King ?
He waits for me a soul to give
That through eternity shall live.

I come, I come, my life, my star,
 Whose light I 've ever seen afar,
 Soul, Isle, to me were all in vain
 If without *thee*, I might them claim.
 Hark! 't is his voice ; your songs now swell ;
 He waits for me ; farewell, farewell !”

Like a rainbow sprung from the wreck of a storm,
 Before him arises her beauteous form.
 He gazes enchanted, while in deep choral strain,
 Myriads of voices arise from the main.

“ Rejoice, rejoice, a child of the sea,
 To a mortal united will be ;
 A soul to her will then be given,
 That she may know and dream of Heaven.
 The fame of her kindred then will shine
 Forever through her in realms divine.”

Then Dryad voices quick arose,
 And loud and strong the discord grows.

“ Cease your wild songs, ye spirits that sleep
 Under the waves of the shining deep ;

No daughter of *thine* our home shall share,
 Or wed with the King of Mortals fair;
 His glory, his heart, to *us* belong.
 Then cease your strange, unnatural song;
 Go back to thy home, thou goddess of pride,
 And make thy throne the swift-rolling tide;
 Thy pearls and robe of glittering sheen
 Will vanish beneath the sun's warm beam.
 Go back to thy clear, cool, emerald cave,
 Where from deep, dark springs the waters lave.
 Thou canst not dwell with the Woodnymphs gay.
 Away to thy home—away, away!"

Hark! 't is a voice from Angel sphere,
 That breaks upon the wondering ear.
 Silent welcome the tones receive;
 The very leaves have ceased to breathe.
 O'er the whole isle with charms bedight,
 Now wave-like floats a crimson light,
 Soon to a point it slow inclines
 And in an orb of glory shines;
 Suspended, trembling to the sound,
 Vibrating from it far around,
 The rosy globe transparent grows,

Within a heavenly vision glows.
 It is the "Genius of the Isle,"
 Who with a calm, angelic smile,
 Which o'er her face divinely plays,
 E'en sweeter than the moon's soft rays,
 While round her floats her shining robe
 Tinged with the roselight of the globe,
 Is breathing words in music's spell
 To all who on the island dwell.

"Listen, ye spirits, and mortals fair,
 For dreams of virtue and peace prepare.
 Let discord fierce, with fiery eye,
 From our blest haunt forever fly.
 I, your good Genius, thus hail the day.
 Peace, peace, forever; *ye must obey.*
 The youth I have watched with tend'rest pride,
 Has chosen the purest Undine bride;
 Her dowry, a soul received from him
 Bright as a gleam from the Seraphim.
 Like two kindred stars their hearts unite,
 Reflecting one beam of clearest light.
 This isle shall bless their glorious reign,
 Long and unbroken by sin or pain,

Till the Spirit of All, in realms divine,
Shall bid them there eternally shine.
Ye spirits that love your Island-King,
In sweetest strain his happiness sing.
Let goodness ever your powers command—
A firm, unchanged, harmonious band.
Then, hail! with me this glorious day,
I, your good Genius, command—obey.”

Then quick the rosy globe dissolves
And in dim mist her form involves.
Loud choral song the isle doth shake,
And o’er the deep glad echoes wake.
Peace, joy and love forever smile
From that hour round the blessed isle.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Chill Autumn's leaves, a motley train,
Fresh-colored with fantastic stain,
Through the air are wildly flying,
Or on the ground all snugly lying
In little valleys in a heap,
While moaning comrades round them creep.

On naked branch one yet remains,
Which more than all your pity claims;
With ragged edge and stem so dry,
Forlorn, in lofty grandeur high.
Poor Leaf! true type of human pain—
A lonely heart in Glory's chain.

O cruel Autumn! why abuse
Thy offspring, nursed with summer dews?
Thy kisses, like the vampire's breath,

Imprint upon them ling'ring death.
 They call on thee in saddest tone;
 Thou heedest not their dying moan —

But, in strange, fantastic measure,
 Bid'st them dance a round of pleasure,
 Then dost with frosty hand prepare
 A grave all chilly, bleak and bare.
 Sweet Leaves! to me ye are more dear
 Than all the beauties of the year.

Upon my heart deep truths ye trace,
 Life's changes never can erase.
 To beauty ye will never spring;
 But time bright semblances will bring —
 The *death* like hopes that cease to be
 The *semblance*, like green memory.

In gentle tone, ye seem to say:
 Like *us*, so *thou* shalt pass away;
 But yet not *all*; thy *soul* shall be
 A changeless semblance still of thee.
 Then, Autumn, with thy brilliant train,
 A happy welcome, once again!

THE PARTING.

I bade her adieu, when twilight was stealing—
O'er forest and mountain, o'er valley and plain;
Her face, purest mirror, her deep love revealing,
As sadly she said, "We may ne'er meet again."

I marked her pale cheek, grown paler in parting,
As I strove with full heart to soothe her in vain;
But, ah! the bright tear-drop already was starting,
And whispered she still, "We may ne'er meet again."

She spake of the gloom which round her seemed falling,
When I from her presence long did remain;
And ever a voice in the wind seemed calling—
"Ah! soon ye 'll be parted, to ne'er meet again."

I took her cold hand in mine, softly trembling,
And breathed the blest hour when my bride I should
claim;

I kissed her pale lips, faint rose-leaves resembling,
 E'en while they were murmuring, "Ne'er meet again."

I tore me away, my steps soon retracing,
 As, drooping, she strove her deep grief to restrain,
 And thought then with her, when fondly embracing,
 "'*T* is true ; we are parting to ne'er meet again."

Long years have since fled ; my sun is declining.
 Still fresh in my heart doth that parting remain,
 Though ever round *her* my heartstrings are twining,
 We parted *forever*—*we ne'er met again*.

BE MERRY.

Be merry in the springtime,
 The budding, bursting spring ;
To the lightsome, leaping waters
 Thy soul an echo fling.
To the playful, loving breeze
 A kiss of rapture throw —
In the budding, bursting springtime
 Be merry here below.

Be merry while the summer
 Unfolds her roses fair,
And press them to thy gentle cheek
 Till one doth blossom *there* ;
To the gallant, nodding woodlands
 With smiling grace incline ;
Be merry 'mong the flow'rets
 Of summer's beauteous prime.

Be merry in the autumn,
 'Mid fruits of richest dye,
 And read the spirit's harvest
 In her golden, gorgeous sky.
 With her leaves in painted raiment,
 Thy soul a banquet make,
 And on her wild and dancing winds,
 A merry journey take.

Be merry in the winter;
 In imitation rare,
 With the brave, old, cunning Frost-King,
 Build pearly castles fair.
 While seated round the glowing fire,
 And sleigh-bells jingle near,
 O! make ye then the wise resolve,
 To be merry *all the year*.

TO EVELYN.

If thou art free from every care,
And earth no thought of thine doth share,
While light ethereal plays around thee,
And with celestial beauty crowns thee;
Then listen to a golden dream
Which to my mind e'en now doth seem
So vivid, and so deeply traced,
Its impress ne'er can be erased.

Alone I sat on a sweet hill-side,
While, murmuring near, the soft-flowing tide —
Watching the clouds as they rolled away,
Tinged with the hues of departing day;
When methought, as I gazed on a beautiful one
That sailed proudly on, afar and alone,
It resembled a form I had seen but to love,
E'er fate had compelled me in strange lands to rove.

As I gazed, the bright vision more perfect became,
And Love, the sure guide, whispered me, "'T is the same."
'T was *thy* form, illumined by Heaven's own light,
And I sighed to behold the dark veil of night
So silently steal o'er thy radiant face
And quickly enfold thee in one dark embrace.
When, lo! from the darkness a bright star arose ;—
'T was the Star of my Destiny, my joys or my woes !

SUNSET.

I watched the sun decline — encircled wide
With waves of gold, tinged with changing dyes,
While one by one, detached, rolled far away
Into the blue ether, there losing its ephemeral
Brightness. Still ever beautiful! So pale and
Vapory, curling themselves into strange, fantastic
Shapes, like a fair maiden robed in white,
Or spectre forms of fiercest tribes, or foam-wreaths
Softly melting in mist away.

There unmatched with what the mind could
E'er conceive, or eye unshaded look upon,
Unnumbered rays shooting from his never-closing,
Ever-radiant eye, the Prince of all created Light
Sits throned in majesty;
While, ever-varying, still more glorious gleams
His ambient architecture.

Pillar on pillar rises, of ruby, amethyst, or pearl ;
 And now a palace, quickly formed in rare
 Magnificence, uprears its fairy structure.
 But scarce the eye may scan its wondrous
 Symmetry, when, lo ! its fair foundation rolls away,
 Leaving its shining wings and parapets thrown
 In wild confusion. No vestige of the splendid
 Ruin now remains. All smoothly blended with
 The crimson drapery hung o'er the entire
 Occident.

O Earth, loved Earth ! no longer art thou
 Forgotten, while a rosy blush mantles
 Thy fresh, but less-radiant beauty.
 Thy flowers with sweetly upturned faces
 Draw each its meed of heart-felt admiration.
 Each leaf upon thy trees, and tender shrubs
 Gently quivering, with the *soul* keeps
 Due vibration.

O ! Happiness Supreme. Two worlds
 Arrayed in robes (not always worn) gloriously
 Showing to the human mind, the all-fashioning
 Hand of Him, the Divine Artificer.

Poor praise were *ours* to render *Thee*
And Thy fair works; and yet 't will reach
Thine ear; for in Thy goodness, Thou hast
Given us hearts that in Thy splendor *must*
Grow exalted.

O Thou! who never nearer seemed,
Accept my soul's deep gratitude!

TO CLARA.

'T is the season of love, though hope may be dead,
And the rose-tint of life forever have fled,
But as flowers their pure incense yield to the sky,
Let my heart breathe its love, then perish for aye.

I've loved thee in sunshine, I've loved thee in storm,
And shall love thee ever, while this heart beateth warm;
I've loved thee in secret, nor till now to the wind
E'er whispered the madness consuming my mind.

They say that the stars our fate will reveal;
Nightly I've watched them, but vain the appeal.
The bright one selected, in darkness doth hide,
Since the time I had marked it, my guardian, my guide.

Though no fond emotion for me may arise,
And my love may be deemed as worthless a prize,
To *me* 't is an Eden, to part with, O never,
I love, I adore thee, henceforth and forever.

CHARITY.

It was a mansion all gloomy and grey,
Save where a sunbeam in pity did play.
Old Time in his swift and ruinous race
Had left upon it his footsteps' deep trace.
But though its *beauty* no longer might charm,
The stranger would gaze with interest warm
On its moss-covered roof and ivied latch,
And deem it a place where ghosts kept watch.

While year after year had rapidly flown,
The lonely old dwelling no inmate had known,
Till a stranger there came and made it his home —
A silent recluse, living friendless and lone.

'T was a spacious room which the spider free
Had hung with the finest-wrought tapestry —
Unbroken, unshaken, the tiniest thread,
Frail as the woof, most cherished hopes do spread.

And scanty the furniture seemed beside,
 From luxury free, from pomp or from pride.
 A lonely lamp but wan and dimly shone,
 While heard without, the night-wind's saddest moan.

His head upon his hand, the stranger leans,
 So motionless that without life he seems.
 But yet he lives, although the light doth fall
 Upon his ghastly features like a pall.
 Wrapt in the shroud of the pale spectre thought,
 His *soul* on his face in agony wrought.

Can years have aided in the wreck we see?
 But mark the flashing eye's intensity.
 Read in those lines strong manhood's proud despair,
 Firm, unsubdued, which age doth seldom wear.
 He lifts his face, but from it grief had fled,
 And darkest *hatred* gleameth there instead.

A smothered wrath seems bursting into flame,
 While from his gushing soul the words now came :

"I hate the *world*, but more I hate *mankind*,
 Where naught but treach'ry and deceit I find.

'T is virtue's *shadow* only that we see —

Vain world! how would she scorn to dwell with thee."

The wind around the casement still doth play,

While there a sweet, low voice doth seem to say :

" Pray, let a little stranger in !

The night is cold, the moon is dim.

Ah ! do not bid me go away,

I would with thee *forever* stay."

But the stranger heeds not the plaintive call,

As fast his words from burning lips do fall.

" Hail, to thee, Sin ! thou Monarch of the Earth —

Thy power extending ever since thy birth ;

All to thy might and influence now yield ;

O ! with destroying hand thy sceptre wield.

On *me*, poor wretch, O ! swift destruction send,

Who counts *thee* now his best, his dearest friend.

How like a child did I once fondly deem

That painted *masks* were all that they did seem,

But quick removed unto the gaze they show

The foulest visage of the *fiends* below."

Again, a wailing voice is faintly heard,
Soft as the swan's pure down, by breezes stirred :

“I pray thee listen to my cry,
Nor leave thy little friend to die,
Who, faint and weary, calls on thee
For shelter and for sympathy.”

The stranger paused. “The wind, methinks,” said he,
“Has caught the tone of *Man's* hypocrisy.
Like *hers* who lured my heart with Angel tone
To fill the void, where *should* have been her *own*,
Then left to wither in its desert home,
Where only deadly *weeds* had ever grown.
O, Mem'ry! could I lock thee in thine urn,
Thy fires my brain, perchance, would cease to burn.
Ah, no! the wife, the friend, O poisoned maze,
Will ye ne'er vanish from my blasted gaze?
O, may the pains — But, no; I will not speak
The *curse* which words would only render weak.”

More wildly now the loosened casement shakes,
And into sobs the moaning wind now breaks :

“ I love this crazy old dwelling,” said he ;

“ Ruined, deserted—a true type of *me*.

While spirits around it do speak in the wind,

Like the Fiends of Despair that haunt my mind.

O, heart ! bereft, grown old before thy time—

Thy blossoms withered in their beauty’s prime—

How could I weep for thee ? But ere they came,

Absorbed my tears would be in burning flame.

Where are the tender springs that yearned to heal

The suff’rings that the poor and wretched feel ?

Thy gen’rous love, embracing all mankind,

And seeking from it sympathy to find ?

Were *all* in that *one fatal passion* wrought,

Forever wrecked, with madness all distraught ?

If so, ’t were better that a wakeless sleep

Would quick around thee draw its curtain deep.

But, Death, thou awful mystery, I dread

With thee Oblivion’s dark maze to tread.”

No voice for mortal ear were ever given

Sweeter than that which now seemed breathed from

Heaven :

“ Waits thy little friend in sorrow ;

Must she wait until to-morrow ?

Then, she may be gone forever.
Pray, do not the last tie sever."

The stranger arose. "It cannot be I dream!
Soft tones from other sphere e'en now do seem
On me to call in sorrow's gentle voice,
Making my darkened soul rejoice, rejoice."

Clear, radiant beams the casement illumine:
Can they come from the deep-hidden moon?

The stranger draws near; the halo divine
Around him and into his soul doth shine.
A child-like form, with eyes though sad yet mild,
As if in Heaven they had that moment smiled,
Is looking through the casement. Angel's dream
Were ne'er more beautiful than she doth seem.
He gazes in wonder, when the low voice again
Speaks in its clear and deep-thrilling strain:

"A poor little wanderer, lonely I roam,
Through the wide, wide world in search of a home.
The human heart the home I love the best,
There, were there room, would I forever rest.

But, ah! how oft I knock and vainly wait,
 Hoping that soon will ope the close-barred gate
 A corner so small some few for me will leave,
 I try there, alas! but vainly to breathe.
 The *poor*, perchance, sometimes may give me room;
 But, ah! they cannot live on Charity *alone*!
 And when a suff'rer their last meal may share,
 I then am banished by the Fiend Despair.
 To love me less the world seems every day,
 And oft I weep for them when turned away;
 For in their hearts no happiness I see,
 Where sin and strife have gained supremacy.
 Yet should but *one* remain to bless my call,
 How freely would I then forgive them *all*.
 But I am weary grown, and faint and weak;
 O! do not *thou* refuse the rest I seek."

The stranger raised the casement, when a tear
 Upon his sunken cheek did then appear.
 He hears the flutt'ring of her shining wings,
 And in his heart a new life quickly springs.
 He feels a Form of Glory entered there,
 And unto Heaven lifts a silent prayer.

THE CORD AROUND THE HEART.

Shining, loosely floating,
A plaything it doth seem,
In the sunny, golden glitter
Of childhood's early dream.
Subtle as the serpent,
As sly concealed the dart,
It coils, and winds, and tightens,
The cord around the heart.

Gilded with the starlight,
Youth's crowding visions glow,
And it laugheth at the molehills
It soon will overthrow.
On fancy's willing pinions
Preparing to depart,
It feels a gentle pulling
From the cord around the heart.

Boldly on it struggleth,
 Impatient of restraint;
 And thinking soon to break the bands,
 It utters no complaint.
 Darker, faster, stronger,
 With wily, matchless art,
 Still coils, and winds, and tightens
 The cord around the heart.

Manhood firm, unshrinking,
 With thirst for glory burns,
 And 'mid watching, bleeding, struggling,
 The crown of fame he earns.
 Panting, soaring, weary,
 Where beams of gold dispart,
 He fain would dwell for aye, save
 The cord around the heart.

Trembling 'neath the sunset
 Of weak and frosted age,
 In worldly strife or worldly joy
 Still ready to engage.
 He sees with kindling eye
 Of by-gone years the chart,
 And, shudd'ring, sigheth *e'er* to break
 The cord around the heart.

SONG.

We 'll bound away to the woodlands green,
And mock the wild-bird free ;
We 'll kiss the breeze that plays through the trees,
And shout ; for what care we ?

We 'll haste away to the merry wild home
Of the dancing elves, so gay ;
We 'll chase them through the blue-bell's dew,
And rest on the glow-worm's ray.

Then away ! away ! to the forest glade,
And give all care to the wind ;
We 'll shun the gleam of the sun's bright beam,
And the red, red leaves we 'll bind.

THE SOUL'S BEREAVEMENT.

Thy rose-leaves, O soul! where are they?

First springing beneath thy young gaze;
Then woven in garlands so gay,
To crown the fair brows of thy maze?
Where are they, Soul? O say!
Alas! all withered away.

Where are thy dreams of pleasure, decked
In a robe of glittering hue?
Dost 'mind thee when they were wrecked
And strewn with the branches of yew?
Where, O where are they fled?
Alas! they 've long been dead.

Where is the beacon of fame,
Oft flashing and luring thee on?
Oh! when didst thou last mark its flame?

And knowest thou where it is gone ?
 Naught but a glow-worm's ray !
 That, *too*, has passed away.

O, where is the deep breath of love,
 That found not its heaven on earth ?
 Say ! winged it its swift flight above,
 To dwell in the home of its birth ?
 Yes, there to dwell for aye,
 Its light can never die.

My Soul ! what remaineth for thee,
 To lighten thy dark, endless night ?
 'T is the Angel of Death I now see ;
 His radiance dimmeth my sight.
 The flutt'ring wings I hear.
 Hail to a brighter sphere !

TO ANNIE.

For distant climes thou 'lt soon depart ;
Dark waves will dash around thee ;
Yet cherish ever in thy heart
The ties that *here* have bound thee.

Should fortune strew thy path with flowers,
And pleasure charm thy mind,
Remember still the gladsome hours
You 've spent with those behind.

When new-found friends around thee press,
And speak in kindest tone,
Forget not, while their zeal you bless,
Those *truer* ones at home.

But if *Misfortune's* blight should fall
Where Hope's bright blossoms grow,
(41)

On spirits of the past then call—
They 'll hover round thy woe.

Though fortune but smile to deceive,
Though sunbeams may brighten thy way;
This truth through all changes believe,
True *Friendship* will never decay.

MUSIC.

O Music, thou Mystery ! Key to the soul,
Unlocking the deep-hidden springs
Of slumbering passion, to quickly unroll
A host of all-glorious things.

T' explain thy strange influence oft we essay,
But *words* may not suit the blest theme ;
For should a fair vision from Paradise stray,
O, could it seem aught but a dream ?

When hopes they have faded, and earth's pleasures pall,
How gently thou 'lt steal to the heart,
There bidding the sunshine of melody fall
On shadows that quickly depart !

When the spirit of night has lulled us to rest,
And silence unbroken doth reign,

If wakened by *thee*, thou soul-stirring Guest,
Can *earth* any thought from us claim ?

O Music, Sweet Music ! Wilt ever remain,
Of joys still the truest and best ?
Then, farewell to sorrow ; thy struggle 's in vain,
While melody woos us to rest.

THE SISTERS.

Dim, hazy clouds obscured the sun,
Which past its midday course had run;
The fragrant air so gently played,
It scarce the sleeping leaf betrayed;
No bustling sound disturbed the air,
But Nature's murmuring (ever dear);
When, lo! a clear and lengthened knell
Came from the lofty church's deep bell.
What lonely spirit wand'ring there
Had waked that tune of calm despair?
Ah, no! its echo scarce had fled,
E'er another confessed *the dead*.

Yes; she had gone—the young and fair,
And lay upon the altar there.
Pale Lily, blighted in its bloom,
Why was it plucked away so soon?

The gathering mourners fill the aisle,
 Whose hearts gained freshness from her smile.
 But not for her *alone* the tear;
 A weeping *sister* clasps the bier.

She long had nursed the tender flower,
 And saw it drooping hour by hour,
 Yet whispered *hope* e'en while her soul
 Crushed the deep grief it must control.

She only knew, yet still too late,
 The *cause* that sealed the loved one's fate,
 Who, while bright angels waited near,
 The mournful tale breathed in her ear:

"Long have I loved with changeless truth,
 The gentle playmate of our youth;
 The sacrifice that love has cost
 He'll mourn but as a *sister* lost.
 But O! an inward joy I feel
 That word nor look did e'er reveal;
 The love that claimed but *Pity's* sigh,
 Unheeded now since I must die.
 Love, hope, despair—all, all thus fled,
 Sweet peace must clasp the slumb'ring *dead*."

Like gentlest winds that fainter grow
 As Autumn's sun descendeth low,
 So hushed and sweet now seemed the tone
 Which nearer still to Heaven had grown.

Then burst the deep and smothered woe,
 While fast her tears like rain-drops flow :
 "No, no ! thou *shalt* not, *must* not, die.
 Sweet Sister, yet for my sake try
 To live, or grant, kind Heaven, that I
 At once beside thee cold may lie."

Then closer still the dear embrace,
 While gazing on that gentle face,
 Where now the changing tints do play
 Like rosy clouds at close of day.
 A gleam of sunshine this doth bring,
 While Hope half-spreads her drooping wing,
 The quivering lip again doth move
 And whispers words of peace and love.

"For thy sake oft I've prayed to live,
 Yet, dearest Sister, do not grieve ;
 If Heaven refuse to grant our prayer,
 Eternal rapture waits us there.

And should our earliest friend return,
 And of the *absent* one would learn,
 Tell him she *loved*, and where she lies
 Softly the grass around her sighs."

The voice had ceased, the breath had fled,
 The mourner still hung o'er the dead.
 So motionless and pale she 'd grown,
 You might have deemed *both* spirits flown.

Some months have fled; the wild flowers wave
 Over the broken-hearted's grave,
 And never-failing there each day
 A gentle maiden goes to pray.

Hark! to the merry ringing peal,
 That from the lofty church doth steal;
 'T is sure a bridal party gay
 That welcomes thus the happy day.

Yes, close beside the altar there
 A youth and maiden wondrous fair.
 The holy priest now joins their hands,
 Uniting them in Hymen's bands.

Returning through the lengthened aisle,
 See, happy faces round them smile.
 But there is *one* where grief and care
 Have left their impress ever there.

Joy in *her* heart could wake no string
 Where Mem'ry sat with silent wing,
 Its shadows deep'ning while her gaze
 On the unconscious bridegroom strays.

He is the early friend for whom
 The loved one lies in the cold tomb ;
 And as she marks the beaming eye,
 Can she repress the rising sigh ?

He 'd sought the home where oft in play,
 He 'd passed with them the live-long day,
 And found but *one* who showed him where
 For him now slept the young and fair.

“Poor thing !” he murmured, “had I known—
 But, no ! 't is passed, and she is gone.”
 Then brushed the rising tear away ;
To-morrow is his wedding-day.

She sees him by his lovely bride ;
Forgotten all the world beside ;
And sees a mourning spirit near,
The form of *her* she held so dear.

No ; none with *thee* thy grief may share,
Pale maiden, early taught despair !
But woman's *truth*, and woman's *love*,
Its true reward must find above.

To G.

O'er thy brow a wreath suspended,
 Waits to crown thee as a star ;
Twined by angels, by them tended,
 Naught its beauty e'er can mar.

Oft in a maze of dazzling light,
 Brilliant gems around thee strewn ;
While gazing still with new delight,
 All are vanished, all are flown.

As the rude stone conceals the mine
 That fain the sunlit-ray would see,
So fortune's frowns and shades combine
 To dim thy *own* bright destiny.

But let not sorrow cloud thy brow,
 While veiled angels hover nigh ;
If not to crown thee here below,
 A wreath immortal waits on high.

J—.

Past four o'clock one summer's day,
As in my bower I sat reclining,
A golden ray
That chanced to stray,
Shone full upon my face ;
It shut my eye,
And with a sigh,
Dull sleep I did embrace.

Oblivion seized my vacant mind,
Of fancy's pinions quite bereft,
When lo ! a dart
Did pierce my heart—
No pain so great could be ;
'T was strange when I
For aid did cry,
Should think of none but thee.
(52)

A moment more, all pain had fled,
 And fancy spread her golden net
 To catch—oh, fy!
 'T was not a fly,
 But wait a bit, and I'll disclose
 What fairy form
 My heart did warm,
 As high above my head it rose.

I saw *thee* seated on a throne,
 A ring of varied hues around thee,
 And dazzling quite
 With rays of light,
 Thy home, methought, beyond the sky;
 When, ah! confusion—
 Sad illusion!
 'T was nothing but a *butterfly*!

REPININGS.

I, a poor laborer, doomed by fate
To till the common soil ; wrestling
With Fortune's hard and cruel
Hand, that would smite me
To the dust and hold me there,
A victim of her changeful,
Crushing power.

But 't was not always thus :
I was not always thus a poor, lone
Thing ; but cast in pleasure's
Happiest, highest seat,
And they were proud to gather
Round my board,
Who *now* look down
In pity and in scorn.

But such is human nature.
 When crowned with glory,
 Wealth and fame, thou 'lt
 Ne'er lack friends—most kind
 And attentive, too,
 Who hang around, like thin,
 Light vapor round the tallest
 Cliff, as changing, shadowy
 Full are *these*.

Let *wealth* desert thee,
All desert thee;
 And *she*—O, can I speak it!—
 The bright, the beautiful,
 Once my heart's dear idol,
 Is frozen to an icicle,
 And looks on me with
 Eyes that know me not.

But *eyes* must change
 When *hearts* do change.
 Those eyes once beamed
 With radiant love, can
 They be the same?

Yes ; the eyes beamed
Not with love for *me*,
But for my glittering coin.
I 'll ne'er trust to eyes, to
Fortune, or to *friends* again,
But love the *ground* ; the
Fruit it yields, is sweeter,
Purer far than if it had
A heart.

VALENTINE.

O, Love ! thou strange, mysterious power,
That sways our wayward hearts at will,
Why hast thou pierced in one short hour
A heart that never felt thy thrill ?

Thy name, though all unknown to me,
Thine image on my mind is traced,
For Love reveals nor asks to see,
But the *ideal* it hath embraced.

E'en like a sweet, unconscious lute,
Whose chords untouched would ever linger,
The heartstrings lie forever mute,
Till swept by Cupid's rosy finger.

The silvery moonbeams 'round me lie,
In lengthened shadows, calm and bright ;
But, ah ! on *her* we can't rely ;
As Juliet says, then, " Sweet, good-night."

J—.

Thy form is one of manly grace,
Thy step is free and bold ;
The stamp of beauty is on thy face,
But, O ! thy heart is cold.

Thou lov'st the smile on beauty's lip,
Curled by the pride of wealth ;
Thou lov'st its flattery to sip,
But *more* thou lov'st thyself.

Thou hast an image in thy heart ;
Thy love for it is known ;
Extinguished only with thy breath (don't start !)
For 't is thine *own*.

But if, perchance, a random shaft
Should pierce the idol there,
Don't weep ; but on thy bended knee
Offer a grateful prayer !

REFLECTION OF THE MOON ACROSS
THE WATER.

Moonlight path on the deep blue ocean,
Calm and beautiful it lay,
Heeding not the angry motion,
Of those wild waves' madd'ning play.

Light prophetic — Heaven's own tracing —
Emblem of the light divine,
Radiant ever, all-embracing,
Leading to the angelic shrine.

Angry ocean! swell thy surges;
Throw thy mad foam to the sky;
Still through *all* a light emerges
Emanation from on high!

Thus through life do tempests gather;
Darkness shrouds the sinking soul,
Till the earthly cords we sever,
And Love and Hope point out the goal.

T—.

Art thou handsome ? Then I pray
Thou 'lt listen to my call ;
Mark me now what I do say :
Looks are naught, *behavior's* all.

Art thou vain ? So is that fowl
That spreads its plumage fine ;
But when the raging tempests howl,
What is there then to shine ?

Art thou proud ? O, may the fate
Of *others* thee appal ;
For know how high soe'er thy state,
That "Pride must have a fall."

Art thou fickle ?—fond of change ?
Lured by each passing flower ?
E'en so the butterfly doth range,
And spends its little hour.

Art thou learned? O, use it well!

The rich and sacred prize,
For ancient chronicles do tell
“The *learned* may not be wise.”

Art thou witty? Sharpen well

Thine arrows ere they flit,
Lest *some*, in seeking where they fell,
Pretend they did not *hit*.

Art thou curious? and wouldst learn

Where *more* advice to find?
Express thy wish, and quick return
An answer to this, signed

WOLFSTADT CASTLE.

PART FIRST.

The Baron's castle gleamed afar,
Like an immense and distant star ;
Its many-colored light did play
O'er guests all clad in bright array,
In honor of the Lady Clare,
Peerless in beauty 'mong the fair,
Who weds to -night the Count Eugene,
Of ancient line and lofty mien—
On whom the Baron looks with pride,
But casts upon his child, the bride,
A sudden gaze of fear and pain ;
But quick his brow is smoothed again,
For in his heart, if *sin* doth dwell,
'T is meet that he should *guard* it well.

He hears the guests in murm'ring tone
Her rare and wondrous beauty own,
(62)

Save now and then a noble dame
 (Of her *own* charms, it might be, vain),
 With curling lip that scorns to speak
 The praises that *itself* would seek ;
 Or some brave heart, whose smothered sigh
 But tells at once what *words* deny.

O! all too fair for *earthly* mould,
 Was she whom *angels* might behold,
 And lose perchance a glorious home,
 In dreams of one with her *alone*.

A floating veil, like silver dew,
 Around her form a halo threw,
 While orange-blossoms faintly gleam
 Above her fair hair's golden beam.
 Her face, its charm we may not paint:
 The brightest picture still were faint.
 Enough, that in it clearly shone
 A Heaven the Count might call his *own*.

The Priest has closed the sacred rite ;
 The Baron smiles with strange delight :
 "Let feasting, dance and song," said he,
 "Unite this goodly company."

The guest most honored doth prepare
 To lead the dance with Countess Clare ;
 Then quick is formed the gay quadrille,
 And maidens' hearts with pleasure thrill,
 As tripping light in measure free
 To the inspiring minstrelsy.

But Countess Clare, O ! strangely gay
 Is she, the stern-browed matrons say.
 No *rule* confines her movements rare,
 Like fairy floating on the air.

Now from her partner far away,
 Quick, dazzling as the meteor's ray,
 But ere is fixed the wand'ring gaze,
 Treading with him the winding maze.

Her eye's wild light and burning cheek
 A something *more* than joy bespeak :
 A smile so *strange* her lip doth wear,
 Would make one wish it were not there.
 A look, a smile we can't explain,
 But that we pause to look again.

A leaflet from the garland fair,
 That decks her braided, shining hair,
 Falls softly at her feet, which she
 Regards with silent revery.

Then from her brow the wreath she takes,
 The blossoms slowly from it breaks.
 Like shower of snow-flakes round her fall
 The white leaves, till they 're scattered all.
 Then kneeling, gathers in her palm
 With care, as if to guard from harm
 The whole, a white and fragrant mound,
 Shedding a dying perfume round.

A lamp, whose light and opal shade
 In thousand changing tints displayed,
 Upon a pearl-wrought table burns :
 Toward *this* her step the Countess turns.
 Then in the clear and brilliant blaze
 She drops them, with a saddened gaze ;
 Not all at once, lest they might kill
 The flame that serves so well her will.
 They crisp and blacken as they fall,
 Till from her hand exhausted all.

"Ye spirits, let me now depart;
 Ye 've ta'en the blossoms from my heart,"
 She said, and slowly turned to meet
 The gaze of him whose lips do greet
 In whispered tone of love and pride
 His newly-wed and beauteous bride.

A laugh, whose clear and silv'ry peal
 A sudden thrill made each heart feel,
 From her bright lips then wildly broke;
 No word beside the lady spoke.

Meanwhile the guests in converse low,
 As wond'ring glances 'round they throw,
 Their wisdom tax, why mood so rare
 Has seized to-night the Countess Clare.
 "Sir Baron, we appeal to you:
 Is not her bearing something new?"

Like clouds before a wintry moon,
 Or phantoms 'round a new-made tomb,
 Strange shadows o'er his visage fly,
 As in these words he doth reply:

"My daughter's mood quite strange may seem,
 But even so hath *ever* been.
 Her merry humor loves to play
 On those unused to her mad way.
 'T is but a wild and wayward freak —
 Excitement *only* she doth seek.
 My noble guests, let this not quell
 The mirth that *all* becometh well.
 A good example in the bride;
 Let joy and feasting be our guide.
 All to the banquet-hall repair;
 Wine lends us praises for the fair."

Then with a proud but easy mien
 (No cloud upon his face is seen),
 His arm a noble dame he lends,
 And gaily to the feast descends.

O! 't was a vast and grand array —
 That brilliant bridal company,
 Around a board whose costly cheer
 To epicure were wond'rous dear.
 The wine flows free, a goodly share
 In honor of the new-wed pair,

When suddenly the bride arose ;
 A quick wild glance around she throws,
 Then with a fixed and steady gaze
 The goblet to her lip doth raise.

“ O ! may a deep, eternal sleep
 All demons fierce in slumber keep ;
 Their eyes of fixed and sullen flame
 Be closed for aye in endless shame ;
 The fangs their bony fingers wear,
 With which the bleeding heart they tear,
 Crumble to ashes — borne away
 By ocean’s fiercest, maddest spray.
 But list ! Again I feel them near ;
 They ’ll strive again to make me fear.
 Leave me, ye demons ! Hence ! — away !
 I still your slightest wish obey.”

A husband’s arm prevents her fall,
 Who, shudd’ring, on her name doth call.

The guests are rising from their seats,
 The Baron with a loud laugh greets
 Their fears. His mirth attention claims,

And silence for a moment reigns.
 “Well acted, truly,” then he cried :
 “Though somewhat *tragic* for a bride,
 But for *effect* ’t was quite the thing.
 Waiter ! — ho ! ‘ Some fresh wine bring.”

The guests in wonder and amaze
 Upon the bride and Baron gaze.
 “If ’t is a farce,” some few exclaim,
 “Forbear to act it o’er again.”

PART SECOND.

The banquet ’s o’er, though midnight only
 Bestrides the earth in grandeur lonely.
 The castle’s lights are on the wane,
 And silence in its halls doth reign.

Are all its inmates hushed in sleep ?
 Their watch do angels ’round them keep ?
 Hath Peace its wings so soft and white
 Spread all unruffled o’er their night ?
 But Woe as sleep may silent be,
 And weary sin of revelry.

The Baron : Is his mind serene,
 Sailing calm o'er Lethe's stream ?
 Tempest-driven and tempest-tossed,
 His shattered bark in gloom is lost.
 Behold him in his room alone.
 The smile upon his lip is gone,
 While deep-indented on his brow
 A frown his ruffled mood doth show.

" 'T is done. With firmest, strongest band
 They 're joined together, hand in hand.
 The dearest wish my heart could build—
 Its sweetest dream—is now fulfilled.
 My sinking fortune (latest care)
 The Count's vast income will repair.
 But, ah ! *most* cherished the desire :
 Our ancient line may not expire,
 Though lost the *name*, though *reason* fall,
 'T were better *thus* than perish all.
 O, joy ! thou shouldst my council share ;
 A banquet for my soul prepare.
 Say, whither hast thou turned thy flight,
 That not one feather charms my sight ?
 No echo — no reply — no thrill ?

The weight of Atlas on thee still!
 O, my poor child! for *thee* the dart
 Of endless woe is in my heart.
 Though thou hast served my will full well,
 The fiend *Remorse* thou canst not quell.
 Thy luckless birth a curse did hail;
 Thou couldst no pedigree entail.
 But thou *alone* wert left to me,
 And suff'ring made me cling to thee.
 Thy deep misfortune firmer drew
 The sacred tie that bound us two.
 But to Ambition's ceaseless cries
 I've offered thee a sacrifice.
Thou poor, unconscious one, the crime
 Canst never know, or dream, was mine."

Then lo! a voice his name doth call,
 Which on his soul doth chilly fall.
 "Sir Baron, wake! A word with thee
 Perchance may calm my misery."

Not soothing to his pangs or fears,
 The Count before him now appears.
 O! sad to see that anguished eye

Where truth and honor deeply lie,
 Upon the Baron fix its gaze,
 Who shrinks beneath its scorching rays.

“Thy daughter! Speak, relieve my woe!
 Is aught concealed that I should know?
 For, O! a thought that chills my breath
 Has pierced my soul more dread than *death*.
 Good Baron, quick my fears remove,
 And take my deep and endless love.”

O! mean the form that *guilt* doth wear,
 Though hard it striveth to seem fair.
 Oft through the false, illusive veil
 For Truth too long, for Faith too pale,
 Deformed, ungain, some feature peers,
 And to the view vice's standard rears.

The Baron in his eye and cheek
 Betrays the guilt that words might speak.
 If still the wish remain to hide,
Remorse has torn the veil aside.
 “Sit down, Sir Count,” he faintly said,
 “And listen to a tale most dread.

I little thought my fate would be
So soon to read it o'er to thee."

"Speak on! No part, no shade conceal.
The truth, the *whole* to me reveal."

A moment's pause ere he began,
And thus the Baron's tale it ran:

"You love my child; I love her, too.
Virtue in me, but woe in you.
Fair flower! the last of our proud line;
Once mine alone, but now 't is thine.
I've watched her with the anxious care
Of deepest love, and dark despair;
Despair for hopes that on her hung,
Though linked with woe the soul had wrung.
Call it madness—what you will;
E'en *now* I feel the restless thrill.
I've seen through years of joy and pain
A gilded, rare ancestral chain;
Have felt the flame of kindred fire:
Our line, our line shall not expire!"

The Baron paused ; the Count doth heed
And breathless bids him quick proceed.

“ The fair-haired Clare you ’ve sworn to love :
The oath is registered above.
If ’t is but beauty you adore
Let her misfortunes teach thee more.
O ! oft in childhood’s rosy hours
I ’ve watched her ’mong the fresh, bright flowers.
Their rarest charm e’en they did seem
To gather from their young May Queen,
As bending o’er their grateful heads,
Or through the fragrant maze she treads ;
As pure, as innocent as they
She seemed amid the flowers at play.
Dost see her now, where daisies bloom ?
Transform the garden to a tomb ;
Behold each flower a Demon wild
That fierce pursue the *maniac child* ;
Behold her cheek, a ghastly white ;
The quivering lip, the eye’s affright.
Watch o’er for weeks, and then be glad
The *child*, your wife ’s no longer *mad*.
Aye, mad ! Nay : shrink not ; learn to love

The patient suff'ring of the dove.
 For when the fiends their conflicts cease,
 Not milder is that Bird of Peace."

There stood the two; but fearful seemed
 The Count, whose eye so wildly gleamed.
 "Mad! mad!" he echoed; "woe betide
 The wretch who from the world did hide
 A curse, which o'er my soul doth throw
 The chains of everlasting woe.
 Recall thy words. Say 't is a dream,
 Or say of reason *I've* no gleam!
 Not thou, not thou, my sweet, sweet bride,
Thee Angels still will shield and guide.
 But yet to-night, O! ne'er before
 To me thy face such aspect wore.
 I see thee pale, and fixed thy gaze,
 As when the goblet thou didst raise.
 O! beauteous wreck, on a frozen cloud,
 I see thee wrapt in thy pale death shroud:
 I hear thee call, but my shrinking sight
 Is veiled with the frost of endless night.
 Wait, wait. I follow; thy voice shall guide;
 I come, I come, my own Spirit Bride!"

PART THIRD.

On the old castle so lofty and grey,
 Pillars of sunlight in majesty lay;
 All proudly it rose, yet gloomy and cold;
 The sun's broadened beams no smile could unfold.

O! where is the golden-haired Clare?

Her handmaids with song and with lyre?
 Through the halls they noiselessly glide,
 Their voices in moanings expire.

Where wanders she, so strangely fair?
 Where is the youthful Countess Clare?
 In the garden, where roses mock
 The Elfin shades that 'round her flock,
 Alone she roams, with tranced gaze—
 The shadowed gleam of brighter days.
 Now on the fresh, young flowers it falls,
 Whose infant breath perchance recalls,
 So faint, so sweet, some dream of joy—
 A glimpse, a trace, without alloy.
 Scarce seen the smile, so quickly fled,
 That plays upon her lips' deep red,

Which pressed upon their pale, soft leaves,
A gentle influence receives.

But, O ! the start, the gloom, the fear,
That doth upon her face appear,
As with a quick, reluctant hand
She breaks and mars the flow'ry band,
And sings in sad and wailing tone
To spirits seen by her alone.
Ah ! madness strange, that doth compel
The hand to wound that loves so well,
That bids destroy all things most fair
And lives but on its own despair !

Poor Clare ! what blighting sin through thee
Must be atoned in misery ?
What ancient curse, so sure distilled,
In thy sad doom is all fulfilled ?
Far better that the whirlwind's blast
O'er childhood's rosy bloom had passed,
Than on its inner, golden light
So oft should close so dread a night.
Sad, sad, thy waking hours will be,
But sadder still the mystery,

Why he who wooed thee for his bride
 Thou find'st no longer by thy side.
 Still list'ning for his step in vain,
 Ah! who shall soothe thy young heart's pain?
 And will not mem'ry paint the eve
 Thou didst the wedding ring receive,
 Ere o'er thee stole that haunted sleep
 Where chaos doth its vigils keep?
 'T is well it seems but sleep to thee—
 A vague, but frightful, revery
 Which passed, thou oft in trembling tone
 Wilt tell of fiendish visions flown,
 And wonder dreams so dark and wild,
 Should haunt a feeble, slumb'ring child.
 For unto thee was ne'er revealed
 The truth from all the world concealed,
 Save from a father's watchful eye,
 And *hers*, thy nurse from infancy.
 Poor Clare! Thou shouldst been spared the woe
 That soon thy bursting heart must know;
 Shouldst ne'er have felt Love's quenchless flame,
 That weaves for thee its fatal chain.
 And *he* whose fate is linked to thine,
 What ray for him shall ever shine?

Reckless amid the cannon's roar,
 He seeks for death on distant shore.
 Unknown, one kiss, one wild embrace,
 Ere danger's path he sought to trace.
 Thy stranger gaze he could not meet,
 His bleeding heart refused to beat.
 But keener pangs on *him* shall fall
 Who spread for both so dark a pall.

Pale Clare ! dost still 'mong roses stray,
 O'er mangled heaps that strew thy way ?
 Ah, no ! a power e'en fiercer still
 Doth govern now thy changeful will.

Away ! — away ! her courser flies,
 The hounds pursue with startling cries,
 The Baron by his mad child's side
 On to the chase they swiftly ride.
 A frenzied zeal illumines her eye,
 Her fair locks on the breezes fly ;
 An unseen power directs her aim
 Unfailing toward the ill-starred game.
 Inspired she seems with strength and power
 Unknown, except in madness' hour.

Thus often to the forest wild
 Ride forth the Baron and his child.
 Deep fixed the gloom his face doth wear,
 Yet *her* he guards with tend'rest care ;
 For through his soul's dark-shadowed night,
 For *her* still shines a holy light.

PART FOURTH.

The sound doth echo from strand to strand,
 The wars, the wars of the Holy Land ;
 By myriads fall the noble and brave,
 From infidel hands God's city to save.
 The burnished sun ere day declines,
 All gorgeous on the conflict shines,
 The clashing swords with new fire gleam,
 Caught from his own refulgent beam ;
 And fiercer yet the strife doth grow,
 The field with deeper streams doth flow.

The Christian's banner floateth high,
 But doubtful still the victory,
 When, lo ! with wondrous charge the foe

Sudden their firmest ranks o'erthrow.
 A shout triumphant high they raise,
 And give to Allah all the praise!
 And must the Pagan power prevail?
 The Christians, will their courage fail?
 Behold a form of light appears
 To lend them hope and calm their fears!

Swiftly she rode on her snow-white steed;
 Her long robes played in the wind,
 Her spirit-like form so radiant shone,
 It seemed a thing of the mind.

"Courage," she cries, "ye faithful band!
 God will support with His right hand.
 Droop not, ye Christians, Zion to free,
 On to the rescue and victory!"

Then unto the foremost ranks she came,
 The sinking host with a new-found flame
 Inspired, attack the awe-stricken foe,
 And o'er them wildest confusion throw.
 O'erpowered, on Allah loud they cry,
 And, swift pursued, in terror fly.

The champion bright, and her snow-white steed,
 So soon have they vanished in air?
 Behold on the ground a warrior bends,
 And weeps o'er a lady fair.

Ah! well may he weep, for never again
 The bride of his soul shall wake;
 A peace she hath found in the home of the blest
 With him who will never forsake.

Wildly he pressed her cold form to his heart;
 His deep-burning tear-drops he dried;
 He bore her away, and ne'er more was seen
 Eugene or his maniac bride.

The Baron, in his castle high,
 Still holds a nightly revelry;
 But fiends alone return his cry,
 His soul is in eternity.

LOVE.

Love is a plant of tender growth,
 Though deeply we may feel its power ;
A careless eye or chilling breath
 Will brush the dew from off the flower.

Its incense all is freely laid
 Upon the pure and hallowed shrine,
But slightly *cold* its resting-place,
 'T will freeze the warm but shrinking vine.

True love will feel its priceless worth,
 And proudly folds its unfurled wing
If failing still to reach that height,
 It deemed a Paradise would bring.

Then safely caged within the heart,
 Its wildest struggles none may hear ;
Not even when it breaks the bars
 And plumes it for its native sphere.

YOU ASK ME IF I COULD BE GAY.

You ask me if I could be gay?

“Be gay?” How strange the sound!

A summons unto thoughts that crowd

Like phantoms thick around.

My heart, to solemn measures tuned,

Swings slowly to and fro,

And mem’ry as a dial serves

In summing up its woe.

Give back to me the little flower

That brightly by my side

Grew into beauty all too pure

For earth, so drooped and died.

It died, and o’er my childhood’s bloom

A mildew ’gan to spread;

The spirit yearning for the lost

That would with hers have fled.

The little floweret snatched away
Give back, and let me still be gay.

Give back to me the heart's first love,
Its freshness, strength and trust —
And let me sleep for aye ere feel
It crumble into dust;
Ere life too poor a mock'ry seems
To feast the idle crowd;
Ere snatch the rosy robe of earth,
And dress it in a shroud.
Bring back the dream of Love's young day
And let me evermore be gay.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

O! touch again thy gentle harp
And chase the gloom away,
That like a heavy mourning-veil
Doth on my spirit lay.

I know the magic of thine art,
By angels sent below
In sympathy to fallen man—
A remedy for woe.

'T is well that heaven has left us here
A charm ne'er swept away,
For though like love, of heavenly birth,
'T will like it ne'er decay.

Yes, when thy strains so pure and deep
The broken heart-strings thrill,
Love, moaning for its power, doth sit
And pearly drops distil.

DREAM-LAND.

A native of that dreamy land
Renowned and rich in mystic lore,
Methought thou couldst interpret well
A dream I fain would tell thee o'er.

I fancied a new and beautiful life
Sprang up in my soul unbidden and free,
Earth claimed not my dwelling, its cares and its strife
Knew not my bright realm, they were strangers to me.

Winged visions of beauty sprang forth from young flowers,
And gracefully floated in song far away,
While love, with furled wing, passed from leaflet to bud,
As sinking in silence the sun's rosy ray.

To a *mortal* my soul owed its deep, thrilling joy,
Though Heaven's pure light seemed the guide of his
mind ;

I knew not how *costly* the tribute he claimed,
Till I sought for my heart, and none could I find!

I dreamed that the gift had been fondly received,
And I wished not the wanderer then to be free;
For I felt it had found a more beautiful home,
As it whispered its rapture and shared it with me.

But soon the bright dwelling grew lonely and drear;
Its flowers they had faded, its light had grown dim;
Forsaken, the wand'rer sought but in vain
For sympathy's chord to vibrate again.

SONNET.

If thou hadst loved as once I deemed,
Perchance thou might if e'er thou found
A heart that owned no spell but *thine* —
A willing captive firmly bound ;
Ah ! then I ne'er had felt the pangs
Which spring from hopes that but deceive,
Ah ! then I ne'er had learned so soon
How frail the pleasures earth can give,
Had never left the fresh young flowers,
So freely laid on Love's pure shrine,
To wither slowly, one by one,
Since they could claim no thought of *thine* —
O ! then the tears that dim my sight
No tale had told of the soul's blight.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Glowing in a blaze of light
 Stands the dark fir-tree,
Whisp'ring of the woodlands bright,
 Breathing fragrancy.
Why in richly-furnished room,
 Not its native air,
With a deeper, richer bloom?
 The Fairies placed it there!

Are they blossoms that we see
 'Mid its glossy sheen?
Ev'ry shade they seem to be,
 From red to palest green.
See the little faces peer
 With sly, half-fearful eyes!
Santa Claus they feel is near.
 He slid down from the skies!

Whistling by them once to-day,
 As he a corner turned,
 Scratching up the chimney way,
 Before the big fire burned.
 Well they know that on his back,
 With face all fun and glee,
 Swings for them a well-filled pack,
 While chuckling merrily.

Closer press the little crowd
 'Round the enchanted tree ;
 Some with faces wondrous proud
 Their *names* upon it see !
 But the *baby*, where is he ?
 Behold him where he lies,
 Fairly under, eating candy,
 Laughing with his eyes.

Come, ye little rosy flock,
 Ye golden-haired and brown,
 'T is Santa Claus !—I hear his knock !—
 Come, take your treasures down.
 There, behind the frosty pane,
 He takes of ye his leave :
 “ Be good,” he says ; “ I ’ll come again
 The next fair Christmas eve.”

PESPONDENCY.

O, I would sometimes cast me down and die,
Give up my life with one full, heavenward sigh,
And down, far down beneath the sod, would lie
Forevermore !

In the dark chambers of my soul *will* stay,
Like mould and rust on damp walls cold and grey,
The thought : All fading, hast'ning to decay,
To be forgot.

For me no longer hope and bounding joy
With rosy off'rings can my mind decoy ;
I see the worm that doth so soon destroy
The fairest bud.

Days, months do pass, in one long monotone,
The power that once awoke the heart-chords flown,
(92)

Ideal, earth-killed, leaving it so lone,

Ah, woe is me !

I 'll struggle 'gainst my fate, my fate so drear ;

I 'll do my duty nobly, without fear,

And grant me, Heaven, one little ray to cheer,

If 't is thy will.

THINKING AND DREAMING.

The wind is howling, whistling,
 With all its might and main,
The Frost King glibly tracing
 Lace-work on every pane.
I sit beside the open fire
 That crackles clear and bright,
And think, and think, and dream, and dream,
 This cold December night.

I *think* upon the half-clad poor,
 Who shrink at ev'ry blast
And sigh 'neath scanty coverlet,
 “ Would that the night were past !
The night ! but, ah ! the morrow —
 To *us* what can it bring,
Who slowly die from want and woe,
 A God-forsaken ring ? ”

I *dream* of white-winged seraphim
 In grand, harmonious chants,
 Who swell the triumphs of the poor —
 Their rich inheritance.
 I dream of those who watch the soul
 Just parting from the clay,
 And to those realms of bliss above
 In rapture bear away.

I *think* how many mortals
 Have sat in this same spot
 And watched the glowing embers,
 Who now, alas! are not.
 I think how many schemes and plans
 Have here been wisely laid,
 Some few, perhaps, been carried out,
 More died where they were made.

I *dream* of ghosts and goblins,
 Of witches who do ride
 The air, in wild curvetings,
 A broomstick fast astride ;

Of fairies, elves and demons,
 On mischief all intent,
 Decoying mortals from the right,
 Elate at time misspent.

I *think* of sins committed,
 Back through the range of years ;
 Of duties I've omitted,
 Of all my hopes and fears ;
 Of scenes of joy and gladness,
 Of Love's first magic spell,
 The pang of disappointment
 In bidding it farewell.

I *dream* of isles of beauty,
 Of perfume-laden air,
 Of flowers, so rare and fragrant
 The houries nestle there.
 Of laughing, leaping waters,
 Of gorgeous-tinted skies,
 A land of virgin freshness
 That never fades or dies.

I *think* my lot how happy
 Compared to *some* I know ;
I think I should be thankful
 To *Him* who doth bestow.
The embers, they are paling,
 The evening far is sped,
My eyes are waxing heavy,
 I think I 'll go to bed.

OUR DEAD.

Father, mother, both are lying
 'Neath the green turf, side by side,
And our hearts a dirge are beating
 With the wind, at eventide.

We are lonely, sadly dreaming
 Of the past, o'er which they rise,
Like two planets on us beaming,
 Shining through our darkened skies.

His the glance to mark each failing,
 His the mind to clearly guide ;
He our *pilot*, safely sailing
 O'er each angry-swellings tide.

Through the fields of Science straying,
 How majestic, yet with ease
Like unto a child when playing
 With his playthings 'mid the trees.

O, the deep, the silent yearning
 But to trace his spirit's flight
 Upward, to its source returning,
 Through the mists that veil our sight !

And for *thee*, the gentle, loving,
Self, thy last, thy smallest care,
 Every word and act but proving
Others' burdens glad to bear.

Let the tear-drops, that are falling
 To thy mem'ry fast and free,
 All thy care and love recalling,
 Be the tribute unto *thee*.

Earth seems crumbling ; fading, dying
 All remaining we most prize !
 Greatness, Goodness, low are lying,
 All is vain beneath the skies.

Rest in peace, ye loved ones, lying
 'Neath the green turf, side by side !
 While our hearts a dirge are beating
 With the wind, at eventide.

THE GOLD-ROBIN'S NEST.

On a long, slim branch of the elm it swings,
That cunning and curious nest,
And every movement the wind to it brings,
Brings unto my soul a sweet rest ;
Gazing, and thinking how pleasant a home
The tiny young birds will have when they come.

I've watched this rare bird of beauty each day,
With plumage of gold, black and red ;
As twittering loud, then soaring away
And back, in its bill a small shred.
Neat workman is he, and ne'er will he flag
Till hangs from the bough a close-netted bag.

His mate hovers round, quite willing to aid ;
Too gallant a fellow is *he* ;

Declining all help, he works undismayed,
 And warbles, "I labor for *thee*.
 This is thy cradle, so snug and so warm,
 While I must keep watch, and guard thee from harm."

Ye idle! ye dull! Come hither and learn
 A lesson in labor and skill;
 Go do for thy kind, like *him*, in thy turn;
 Against thy two *hands* put his *bill*.
 E'en so shall *thy* voice break forth into praise
 To God, for the joy that crowneth thy days.

Ye sceptics! this nest examine with care.
 Who teacheth this wonderful art?
 Watch the young fledglings, with heads high in air,
 Receive of the food each a part.
 Can ye, through your wisdom, naught see divine
 In the deep instinct that on ye doth shine?

THE LOST CHILD.

Hark! A mother's voice is wailing—
 Calling on her missing boy.
She had left him in the garden,
 Full of life, and health, and joy.
Sweetest flowers for his companions,
 Wherefore should he wander far?
Four years old, and full of wonder,
 He has crept beneath the bar.

Friends and neighbors, do not linger!
 Every moment is a year
Unto her, whose brain is weaving
 Webs of ill for him, so dear.
She has searched each nook and corner,
 Where he e'er was wont to stray;
Sees no blue eyes at her peeping;
 Hears no little feet at play.

Quick as thought now toward the river

Turns her thoughtful, anxious eye.

Could her darling go that distance ?

Thither hasten, thither fly !

Leaving now the grassy upland

For the soft and sandy shore,

There are prints of little footsteps ;

“ Lost ! lost ! ” she cries, “ forevermore ! ”

Standing without word or motion,

While the boats are launched to find.

Pity, Heaven ! In this moment,

Save from madness — save her mind !

Ah ! e'en now she sees one steering

Towards some object, vague and dim ;

Sees them grasp it, sees them bearing

Back the lifeless form of *him*.

With a right that none may gainsay,

In her arms she takes her child,

Tries all methods to restore it —

O, could Death *once* be beguiled !

All in vain ! The half-shut eye-lid

O'er the blue eye's faded light,

Icy brow, and awful paleness,
Tell the sad tale all aright.

Now her strength is all exhausted ;
Hope no longer lends her aid.
“ Dead ! ” she murmurs. “ O, my darling,
Let me in thy grave be laid ! ”
On his form now sinking, fainting,
Raise her gently in her woe ;
How to bear this great affliction
Teach her who *alone* doth know.

TO MAJ. GEN. BUTLER.

Welcome home, thou gallant hero !

Massachusetts waits for thee —

Waits in eager crowds, to greet thee

With one voice exultingly.

Grateful for thy deep devotion

To her cause, so promptly shown ;

Leaving all home's dearest pleasures,

First to hasten forth alone.

'T is for *thee*, and for those *like* thee,

Our blest Union to restore ;

Brave, determined, never tiring,

Till *Rebellion* is no more.

Lead our soldiers (none more valiant)

Where their courage best may shine ;

“ Spare the fallen ! ” prayer not needed

Unto such a heart as *thine*.

Onward, in thy high vocation,
 Strongest faith thou dost inspire
In the hearts that throng around thee,
 Kindled by a Patriot's fire.
Know, that here at home unceasing
 Prayers for thy success ascend,
Till Secession die forever —
 Till our Country's trials end.

FOR AN ALBUM.

We love the breath of the sweet south wind,
 Filled with the odor of flowers ;
And the bright little gems in their cups we find,
 Caught from the gentle showers.
We seek where the violet's soft, blue eye
 Timidly opes to the light,
And we feel a beautiful presence nigh—
 Humility robed in white.

E'en as the wind be thy thoughts fresh and free ;
 Like the floweret's gem thy heart ;
The light of the violet beam in thine eye,
 Thyself of all goodness a part.
May Heaven upon thee this blessing bestow :
To tread but on roses wherever you go.

BOREAS AND THE WITCH.

'T was on an awful winter's night,
All nature up in arms;
The house it shook, the windows creaked
And startled with alarms.
I list'ning sat alone and still,
Filled with a strange delight,
If aught there is I glory in,
'T is in just such a night!

I think I fell into a dream,
And yet it *may* not be,
As that the sun shall rise and set,
So true it seemed to me.
I heard and saw—I'll tell you what:
A witch with crispy hair
And Boreas, engaged in fight;
A precious, precious pair.
(108)

“ Cease, cease ! you raving, blust’ring boor,

 You spoil my pirouettes,

And force me from my gráceful curves

 To turning somersets.

Calm down, and for your benefit

 I ’ll cut a genteel wing ;

If not, by aid of this good broom

Another song you ’ll sing.”

“ You skinny, scraggy, one-eyed witch,

 How dare you speak so bold

To *me*, your master, ruler, king ; —

 Audacious, vile and old.

I ’ll make thee dance as long as aught

 Remains of thee as small

As is the tiniest hailstone

 That from my beard doth fall.”

’Pon this, his cheeks like two balloons

 Distended, blew a blast

Would sent the witch, I know not where,

 Had she not seized him fast.

One hand his long, white beard had grasped,

 The other plied the broom.

Like one transfix'd old Boreas
In wonder met his doom.

But soon recov'ring from his trance
He howled and hissed his rage,
And puff'd and blew, as ill became
A hoary-headed sage.
But gath'ring in a whirlwind breath
A perfect hurricane,
In a blue flame he sent her straight
To Lucifer's domain.

MY CHILDREN.

They sleep! Small griefs and joys alike are hushed to rest;
On their young faces purity reposes
Luminous and soft, like moonlight on white roses.
The angels claim them now, their thoughts are blest.
Could we not almost wish that childhood's happy reign
Would last for aye, the *present* only knowing?
No future dread, or sad experience showing
Our earthly strivings, vague desires so vain?

Ah, no! "Progression—Onward!" let our watch-words be;
We would not check the growth of mind unfolding,
All new and fresh great Nature's truths beholding,
But wait, with hope and trust fair fruit to see.
I chid the eldest, that she had not done aright,
Until subdued, she broke out into sobbing,
My soul of all but *pity* for her robbing,
As round my neck she clasped and held me tight.

My baby-boy still holds his kite within his hand,
 Afraid, he said, away it might be flying
 While he upon his little bed was lying,
And spoil all sport he 'd for the morrow planned.
O Father! unto thee my full heart turns in prayer
 Of gratitude profound, these gifts possessing;
 Help me to guide, bestow on them thy blessing,
Take them, life ending, to a world more fair.

TO THE SOUL.

Whither wouldst thou, restless wand'rer—
 Ever struggling 'gainst thy doom?
Each complaint and thought rebellious
 From thy proud wing plucks a plume.
Thou forgettest that thy mansion
 Is of *earth*, with earthly coils
Clinging round thee, ne'er forsaking
 In thy highest flights and toils.

Thou hast soared among the starlets
 With a wild desire to know
All their movements, vast and wondrous,
 And the Power that *made* them so.
Dizzy, lost in vague conjecture,
 Stronger fetters there enthrall,
Feeling more and more thy weakness,
 Back to earth again doth fall.

In the dark-green caves of ocean,
 With the mermaids thou hast dwelt;
 But the ever deep disquiet
 Of its billows still hast felt.
 Basking in the rosy sunlight
 'Mid the fairest flowers of spring,
 Still a ceaseless, silent yearning
 That the future *more* might bring.

On the grand, untrodden glaciers
 Of the Polar regions gazed;
 'Mid the desert sands of Afric,
 Almost boundless, stood amazed!
 Like a frail bark drifting always—
 Drifting o'er life's changeful sea,
 Never canst thou find a harbor—
 Ne'er on earth at rest may be.

Hasten!—onward, ever onward!
 Death its portal opens wide,
 Pass it without fear or flinching,
 Angels wait thy course to guide.
There shall end thy strifes and longings;
 There thy wand'rings all shall cease,
 There beside the throne immortal
 Thou shalt find eternal peace.

WRESTLINGS.

When the heart is filled with darkness,
Full of thoughts so hard and drear,
Bitter, bursting, wild and reckless
As a demon on a bier,—

How we wrestle with our reason—
With our reason and despair;
And 't is strange that little angel
Love, should do such mischief there !

Love, that *has* been, and seems dying
In our own heart, or that other,
To whom pledges free were given
E'er to cherish one another.

In those days when life so joyous
Seemed with endless glory crowned,
(115)

And no spectre, pale and mocking
Up the rosy vista wound.

It may be that Love grows keener,
More exacting in demands,
As it nears the "ancient river,"
And can see the half-run sands.

Close beside it stands the Teacher,
Stern and solemn, all must know,
Heaps of wisdom, plumeless pleasures,
Sad *experience* o'er it throws.

Some neglect or glance of coldness
With fierce passion fills the soul,
And those goading words are spoken
That no longer brook control.

The reaction, like a torrent
With a crash our heart-strings sweep ;
Hopeless, hapless desolation,
That can neither sigh nor weep.

Brings us to the verge of madness,
 And 't is strange no passion known
 Rends and wrecks the soul so sadly,
 As a tempest from love grown.

Then unto the loved one groping,
 "Take this burden from my soul;
 Peace and rest is all I ask for,
 Strife no more between us roll."

Better *this* than leave forever
 Haunts and home for distant shore;
 Better still to shun all passions
 Causing it, forevermore!

EPITAPH.

She 's dead ; with charity for
All mankind, she *saw* all, felt
All, yet unexpressed ; she
Passed through life, yearning to break
The spell that fettered speech,
And e'en forbade the soul to
Write out what it would have
Shown.

Her children to thy tender care, O, God !
And let her watch with thee
Their future course.

SISTER SUE.

A lady left her native land
And sailed o'er the wide, wide sea.
The waters danced,
Her blue eyes glanced,
As she sailed o'er the wide, wide sea.

Glanced, not with the light of a hope devoid
Of aught save the rose-tint of *youth*,
But a strength to brave
And a power to save
Shone through a mirror of truth.

Dear hearts followed the lady fair
As she sailed o'er the wide, wide sea,
And their purest love
Was wafted above
For her, on the wide, wide sea.

Her mind, as she sailed o'er the wide, wide sea,
 Went back to the days of yore,
 When the dearest dream
 Of her heart did seem
 To sail to a foreign shore.

The noon-day of life is sweet to her,
 With treasures of heart and mind ;
 A grace most rare
 And a face still fair,
 In harmony all combined.

And proud is he of his beautiful wife —
 The man who stands by her side ;
 As the Mariner's star
 Is watched from afar,
 So he turns to her for his guide.

O ! gaze, fond eyes, on the lady fair,
 Who sails o'er the wide, wide sea ;
 For with icy breath
 The phantom *Death*
 Is waiting across the sea.

Blow gently winds, and, tones, be soft,
Hushed every dissonant word,

Let her quaff from the bowl
Of joy the whole
That *Earth* for her can afford.

They reach the land of mystic song,
His calling is high in degree,

While a nameless charm
All hearts doth warm,
In her who has crossed the sea.

Words of cheer, with a flash of wit
Are ever with her at command ;

A smile would light
The dreariest night,
A ready and generous hand.

The wondrous works of nature and art
Are placed in memory's store ;

And from Music's spell
The grandest swell
Will rest in her soul evermore.

But the lady drooped; her cheek grew pale,
Still cheerful of mien as before;

The grape and wine
Of the famous Rhine
Are sought failing health to restore.

In vain! The fell King is waiting to claim
His victim no effort can save;

And from agonized prayer
For those in her care,
Her soul looks *beyond* the dark grave.

O, grief! that crushes the strong and weak,
No comforting ray can be given;

O, gently descend,
Sweet Spirit, and lend
A faith and a hope from High Heaven.

Again the lady *too fair and pale*
Sails over the wide, wide sea;

And the night-wind's moan
A shudder and groan
Wakes for her on the wide, wide sea.

Yes, close to that *fair thing* flooding along
Nestle thoughts most sadly entwined ;

O, bring to the shore
The lady once more,
To love and to sorrow consigned.

Autumn's glory over the earth,
Winter's sadness over the pall,
In the sunny earth
Of the loved one's birth,
We laid her in peace—*peace* to *all*.

THE OLD HALL.

I sat me down in the dear old hall —
In the hall built long ago,
Ere a *city* had risen with syren power
All *country* charms to o'erthrow ;
When the floor grew smooth with dancing feet,
That danced with a will and a way
Would shame the dragging, indolent step
Of our fashionable ones to-day ;
When blooming lassies, with beating hearts,
From hornpipes and jigs would rest
On the long, low seats on every side,
To gather new strength and zest.

The fiddler warmed with a laudable zeal,
And catching the motive thrill
Played on and on, surpassing himself,
With a new and an untaught skill,

And peopled anew, my mind would stray
Back o'er the throng of *Grandfather's day*.

Leaving "the good old times," so called,
Seen only in fancy's flight,
Childhood's visions, new-decked and dyed,
Pass slowly before my sight.
I see the floor for dancing feet
O'erspread with a carpet fine,
And the painted seats in cushioned pride
Enticing belles to recline.
Curtain-draped folds and gilded frames,
Changing that Puritan style
To parlor, reception or drawing-room fine,
Of modern invention the wile;
Piano in place of the fiddler's strain,
While graceful figures in tulle
Glide noiselessly 'round on dainty feet
With artistic measure and rule.
To childish glance, delighted with all,
Naught could compare with that grand old hall.

The child is now changed to the maiden demure,
Building her castles in air—
Dreaming at eve in that favorite room

Of all things wondrous and fair :
 Caught by Aurora, borne with the hours,
 Or suddenly dropped from the skies
 As *real* or *fancy-fed* woes of the earth
 In solemn array do arise.
 Tableaux, readings, and blind-man's buff,
 Law, gospel, and ancient lore,
 The merry and wise, to each a full share,
 The warbling of songs o'er and o'er,
 Deep consultations with dear ones 'round
 On marriages, dresses and beaux,
 Hearing the step of a favored swain near,
 Noting the tell-tale rose,
 Bridal farewells, and farewells for aye—
 Clearly before me the pageant rolled by.

But *one* in that room who walks up and down
 With noble and unstudied grace—
 A host in himself to entertain all,
 E'er suiting the *theme* to the *case*,
 Can ne'er be forgot, so polished, refined,
 Shedding light o'er the learned and vain ;
 His *spirit* may walk the old hall even *now*,
 "His *like* we shall ne'er see again."

A LOVED ONE.

Matchless in form, faultless in face,
She stood the queen of beauty and grace,
 The creamy folds of the robe she wore,
Heavy and pure, belonged but to her,
 Sweeping the tiles of the polished floor.

A beauty ennobling, lifting the mind
Upward, unsullied, to Heaven inclined,
 The braided circlets of pale-gold hair,
Fleecy and soft, (wondrous bestowal!)
 Suiting the snowy complexion rare.

Enough were this to classic eye,
But Truth and Justice hov'ring nigh,
 O'er heart and brow a white wing swept —
Ready *her* voice to plead for right,
 Lifting the *fallen* while *others* slept.

Dear vision flown ! hearts for thee pine,
But placed evermore on Memory's shrine,
 Thy *beauty*, thy *goodness*, as incense given,
Trusting in faith to meet thee again,
 Clasping the shadow of one in Heaven.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

Time rolls *on*, cares roll *in*,
Life seems scarcely a span ;
The soul looks *back*, the soul looks *on*,
Hope grows dreary and wan,
Dreary and wan, sunk in despair,
Groping in darkness and doubt,
In depth of woe, what can one do ?
Call on God ! Call on God ! He is there.

Youth a craft freighted with charms,
By fancy cunningly wrought
In strange device, and glorious dye,
Desired, and wildly sought ;
Prized the *lost* beyond the *gained*,
The beautiful craft sails on,
When lost to view, what can one do ?
Call on God ! *purser* treasures regained.

Ties most dear one by one
 Are severed, draining the heart
 Of life-blood warm, bereft of cheer,
 Yet dreading with earth to part,
 Dreading to tread the "distant shore,"
 Though sinking in quicksands *here*,
 No matter how deep, there's rescue yet;
 Call on God! Call on God evermore!

The hour doth come, it comes to *all*,
 When fails all *human* aid,
 And the strongest will as infant breath
 Is weak and powerless laid.
 The "Great Unseen" with tend'rest care
 Now lifts and breathes new strength,
 And taught to feel 't is better to kneel
 Unto Him, unto Him who is there.

ON TWO LOVERS LOST BELOW THE
FALLS AT NIAGARA.

'T is naught, all nothing beside, dear friend,
Where the Eternal the air doth rend,
And foam and mist and rainbows blend
'Neath mountain torrents of water ;
 Engulfing, grasping, reaching all
 That near its borders may chance to fall—
E'en of earth the fairest daughter.

They went to bathe, you say, near the shore ?
Strange venture, hearing the cataract's roar !
But knowing there have been lovers *before*,
Their mad freaks make us not wonder.
 Perhaps in rare exaltation of mind
 And hoping a changeless union to find,
They boldly, but madly, plunged under.

You say that she dared the fierce tide.
 And he with a true lover's pride,
 Swam bravely to save his fair bride?
 But vain all human endeavor.

 A force so terrific would sweep
 Whole legions of braves to that sleep
 Where body and soul do sever.

Ah! tell not the dread tale too near.
 The strange fascination I fear,
 The terrible power even *here*
 Might 'wilder the sense and destroy.

 In silence we'll view the grand Fall,
 And unto the Father of All
 Breathe anthems of praise and of joy.

MATAWA, THE INDIAN ORACLE.

MATAWA was the oracle among a powerful tribe of Indians inhabiting the wild tracts and forests that skirt the borders of the beautiful Miami River.

Her gigantic figure towering above all the women of her tribe, her deep and wonderful penetration into the thoughts and designs of those around her, the wisdom of her counsels, and the almost never-failing realization of her prophecies, gave her a powerful influence over the most stern, as well as *softer*, hearts of her red brethren, to which they yielded as to some supernatural agency.

The wise old chiefs, though sometimes jealous of one who in a great measure monopolized their power, yet in the hour of danger and moments which required immediate decision, fain would hasten to her tent to consult upon the best means of safety, and steps necessary to be taken in so critical an emergency. And

when with her tall figure erect, her deep black eyes lighted up with sibylline fire, and in tones guttural yet distinct, she addressed them, placing vividly before their eyes as it were a living picture of the dreaded danger, the only way to meet it, and the inevitable result; they listened to her as to a messenger from the land of dreams, sent by the "Good Spirit"—as a kind of Manito with long eyes for the future, discovering the dark clouds, and scattering them by wise preparation.

She had no kindred in the tribe, but like a tall, ancient oak did she shelter and protect the beautiful Silver-Leaf, whom she gently folded in the deepest recess of her heart. The little Indian orphan had been nourished with the tenderest care, in the wigwam of Matawa. She was the sunlight of her declining age, the dew-drop to her withering heart. In childhood she had fed her with the most delicate food, swung her cradle on the firmest and most wavy boughs, that the breath of the "Good Spirit" might soothe, and laid her in the light of the moon-beams, that his pure eye might watch over her.

Beautiful was this wild flower of the forest, her form light and graceful, and step free as a young fawn's.

Her black hair, when unbraided, fell over her in long, silken masses, and her soft black eyes were the bright crystals of her soul.

She was called Silver-Leaf from the uncommon delicacy of her complexion, and a chaplet of pale, shining leaves she usually wore upon her brow. Her favorite haunt was the "Enchanter's Ring," a little paradise she had discovered in the wild forest through which she loved to roam, and named from the inspiration of the moment.

In obscure loveliness here slept a little valley surrounded by a bright green bank, the summit crowned by tall trees, the branches of which, gracefully uniting, formed over it a thick canopy of leaves. And in its centre, like a glistening pearl in an emerald cup, lay a clear silvery lake. Flowers bloomed here in wild luxuriance, while on the margin of the lake was a small, low-spreading tree, the peculiar beauty of which at once charmed the beholder.

Its pale, transparent leaves, incessantly quivering and shining with silvery brightness, resembled fairy wings hovering in beauty's pride over that magical mirror.

But what leaf could compare with the *ever-blooming* one that gazed with them, as she sat weaving the bright garland that became her so well, her face glowing with the rosy day dreams that filled her mind, happy as beautiful, when tossing the finished wreath upon her brow, and gazing a moment on its charming reflection, like a young roe she would bound away to her gay companions, to join the wild dance, through which she whirled and floated as aerial and graceful as an Elfin Queen ?

She was adored by her dark-eyed companions, who as the sun descended would draw close around her, to listen to the wild legends she would relate to them, that had been poured into her ear from infancy by her much-loved Matawa. But had she no admirers among the red *sons* of the brave tribe ? Many were the bold warriors who gazed on Silver-Leaf with admiration not unmingled with a *deeper* passion, but when they saw the calm indifference with which she regarded them, and the determined manner with which she rejected all their proposals, hope died within their hearts, and they believed what Matawa told them, that Silver-Leaf's love-dreams were of the bright stars that looked forth from the

“Spirit Land,” and her smiles for the winged guardians that hovered round her.

But whether Matawa’s interpretation was the *true* one remains yet a mystery.

A treaty had been lately formed with the whites, who had begun to make vast encroachments on the red man’s territory, and with whom they had had many severe and bloody contests. Great cruelty was practised on both sides, but particularly by the wronged, revengeful Indians, who have rarely been excelled in their inventions for torturing their unfortunate captives.

Among those they had taken in a recent conflict was a young man, who from his recklessness of danger had made himself an especial mark of revenge to his merciless captors.

A council was assembled, and the dreadful doom pronounced by Matawa, who with uncommon wisdom, foreseeing the degeneracy and destruction of her ill-fated race, hated the intruding whites as only an Indian *can* hate.

The youth, over whose head twenty summers had scarcely fled, heard his doom with outward composure. But where is the heart though firm to face the cannon’s mouth that would not shudder at the thought of endur-

ing the protracted torture inflicted by the malignant, unrelenting savage?

And was but one more sun to rise for him? 'T was hard to die so young. The Indians, relying on the strong cords that bound him for the safety of their captive, betook themselves to their rude mattresses, and were soon lost in sleep. The bright stars shone upon him, who forgetful of danger was quietly slumbering, and moonlight lent a new charm to the handsome, youthful face.

But *another* and a brighter star had risen to guide him from that perilous vicinity. Like a ray of light did Silver-Leaf glide to the side of the unconscious sleeper, and kneeling down, with the rapidity of thought began severing the strong cords that bound him. With a start the sleeper wakes, his gaze is instantly riveted upon the fairy form that bends over him, which he believes descended from its Angel home to charm a wretched mortal.

"Thou art free," she murmurs in a low voice, "follow me." Silently and rapidly they pass the wigwams of the sleeping savages, till leaving them far behind, they enter the depths of the forest. Knowing well the winding paths, the Indian maiden glided swiftly

along, when coming to an open space, the junction of several paths, she suddenly stopped, till her companion, who had been in vain endeavoring to overtake his mysterious guide, should come up.

“Winged spirit or whatever thou art,” said he, approaching her, “receive the homage of an over-flowing heart,” and the enthusiastic youth knelt at her feet.

“Warrior of the pale faces, I have saved thee from the fangs of thy enemy, and robbed my people of a great revenge. The Dew-spirit rose in my heart, and I could not see thee die. But when the *Eagles* of our tribe lie bound in thy tents, *thou* wilt be there to loose their pinions.”

Moonlight shone full upon her face, and the enraptured youth felt as he gazed upon her, that no *white* rose he had ever seen could compare with this *wild* one of the woods.

“But you must not tarry, the Indian’s eye brightens as the stars grow dim, and it will *gleam* when it beholds thee not.”

Advancing to a narrow and obscure path, in a clear and rapid manner she directed him what course to pursue and when he would be beyond the reach of his pursuers.

“And may I not ask the name of my fair preserver, that I may pray for blessings from morn till eve, to descend upon her beauteous head?” “They call me Silver-Leaf, and I live in the wigwams of Matawa, who is thy greatest enemy.” “A sweet name,” he murmured, “but we are not enemies?” raising his dark eyes to her face while his voice thrilled her soul. “I am no enemy to thee,” she answered hurriedly, “but spare the *Indian* for the sake of Silver-Leaf.” Waving her hand in adieu she moved rapidly away and entered the thick wood. The youth watched her receding form till it blended with the trees. “Heaven preserve thee!” escaped his lips. He then began his lonely flight.

Day was ushered in by the mad yells of the disappointed savages, when they found their captive had escaped. But above all rose the fierce commands of Matawa. “Cease this wild tumult and track the pale face through the forest. Follow the narrow paths, nor let the leaves cling to your feet. Take his scalp, but *otherwise* harm him not, that his blood may blacken in the red blaze and his vile heart turn to ashes.”

The fleet young warriors instantly prepared to obey her commands; but a close observer would have noticed the expression of disappointment which marked her fea-

tures. "I fear they will not find him—safe in his kennel ere this."

Silver-Leaf caught the words and turned her face away to hide a smile of exultation she could not conceal.

Various were the surmises how the prisoner could have escaped, though no one suspected Silver-Leaf; but it was generally believed that one of his own people had released him, or that the "Evil Spirit" in his anger for some offence had thus revenged himself.

The warriors returned, weary and dispirited, having caught no glimpse of their captive, or even been able to discover his tracks.

A short time after these events, a treaty was formed between the hostile parties, and the *calumet* smoked in apparent amity.

But there was *one* who, the more she smothered her hatred, the more intensely it burned. Matawa, though she deemed it wiser to accede to the terms of peace, fierce *war* raged within.

It was the Indian Summer. Never did Nature present a more beautiful face than in this wild and romantic region, and never had the Enchanter's Ring appeared more enchanting. So at least thought Silver-

Leaf, who spent more of her time than ever in its circling shade.

She sits upon the green bank weaving the bright leaves, but are her thoughts woven with them? Her eyes are fixed upon them, but a dreamy listlessness betrays the wanderings of her mind. There is a change in Silver-Leaf, her cheek has a paler tinge, and her eyelid a drooping sadness; her companions call her, she heeds them not, but still dreams on; of whom can she be dreaming? Matawa's love-sharpened eyes have marked the change, and she mournfully listens for the bird-like voice of her darling, that has ever been to her sweetest music. Stern as is her nature there is a golden cord in her bosom which vibrates to every quiver of her cherished leaf!

She sees her loved form approaching with slow and lingering steps, that were once so light and bounding. Suppressing a sigh she meets her with a smiling face, and humorously relates her adventures in the day's chase. She is a brave huntress, her aim true and fatal. Silver-Leaf listens, her face brightens, and resumes its happy and natural expression, for she loves Matawa and is pleased from sympathy.

Weeks roll away, and each day lends a paler hue to the drooping Leaf. There is a charm in the Enchanter's Ring, for *there* no curious eyes observe her, her thoughts are free and uninterrupted, and strange, wild flights they often take.

Like a drooping lily she reclines upon the velvet bank, a bright garland rests upon her brow, and a mournful expression in the dark eyes throws a softened light over her lovely face. A dreamy languor steals over her, the eye-lids with their jetty fringes droop more and more, till quietly resting on the downy cheek.

What visions now crowd upon her restless imagination !

She is lying upon the bottom of a deep lake, the water transparent like air, and she can see an immense distance.

All is still, not even the ripple of a wave is seen or heard.

The sand on which she lies is red and glittering, and she shudders as if it were stained with blood.

Suddenly a host of pale faces start forth from it, all armed and blood-thirsty.

She hears the war-whoop of her tribe, and on a clear, bright wave the *red* warriors come dashing on ;

they hurl their arrows by thousands at their *pale* enemies, who meet them with no less destruction. The red sand is dyed with a deeper hue.

Gradually the blood-stained hosts dissolve and fade from her sight, while in their stead appear two large, fierce birds, which with fiery eyes circle round and round each other, their plumage changing with their movements. A red crest glows upon the head of one, which rushing upon his antagonist, buries his strong talons deep in the snowy neck.

She is no longer in the lake, but quietly lying by her own wigwam. Black clouds obscure the bright-winged wrestlers, in whose struggle she is wonderfully interested.

A blazing fire now attracts her attention, whose flames go crackling to the sky, scattering a shower of diamonds over the increasing blackness.

She hears the rush of wings like the sweeping of the tempest; and, behold, the bird with the fiery crest bears his exhausted antagonist to the devouring element, and hovering for a moment over its scorching blaze, drops him into the glowing abyss. There in the burning mirror, she beholds a youth with eyes fixed entreatingly upon her, and Matawa with wild, exulting features,

towering above all. A terrible light breaks in upon her mind — *the loved one is perishing.*

With a wild cry she wakes, and the youth, the *Ideal* of her dreams, is before her. Deep blushes suffuse her face, as she encounters his ardent gaze, and thinks that he has been watching her slumber.

“Bright maiden, forgive this intrusion, and let chance plead an excuse, though naught could have detained me *but* the fear of incurring your displeasure, for do I not behold my preserver?”

Silver-Leaf has risen and is leaning against a tree, for there is a tremulousness in her frame that fain would seek support. She almost fancies she is *still* dreaming, but all things have a familiar look — the flowers, the lake, the tree, and the youth with his golden locks and fine features — have they not long been enshrined in her heart?

“And has not the White Eagle forgotten the forest-leaf that turned its face from the parent tree?” said she, in a low voice.

“Can night forget its moon, flowers their dew, or the soul its heaven? All these thou hast been to me since first thy angel form bent o’er me in the moonlight and whispered words of freedom. Stern necessity *only*

has kept me from thy wild home so long; my heart has pined for thee."

A deep joy irradiated the face of the Indian maiden. She felt not timid by his side, for was he not her heart's long-worshipped Idol? The moments flew swiftly by, and they must part, but still to meet again.

Now was Silver-Leaf's heart made light, and her song and bounding step once more gladdened the heart of Matawa. She knew not what had produced the change.

Often did the lovers meet in the "Enchanter's Ring," and each day strengthened the pure chain that bound their hearts.

Noble and good was the youth who had won the love of this young wild-flower; and as the richest gift did he prize it. But, alas! they saw not the tempest which was gathering over their heads.

It was near the close of a beautiful day, devoted by the Indians exclusively to the chase, in which Matawa joined with fire and energy, putting many a bold hunter to the blush by her superior and wonderful skill with the bow.

The last rays of the golden sun streamed through

the trees of the "Enchanter's Ring," shedding a softened halo over two beings who were there reposing.

"And will not Silver-Leaf leave her wild home for one if not more beautiful yet shared together, a ring of enchantment radiant with love's own light?" And bending forward he gazes under the trembling eye-lids.

Silver-Leaf mournfully replies: "I know thy home is fair, and Silver-Leaf longs to share it with thee, but Matawa who loves me is thine enemy, and bitter would be her heart did I seek a home with the hated Pale Face."

"Matawa, the fierce woman of thy tribe, who so thirsted for my blood, and invented methods of torture? My wild bird, heed her not; she is not worthy thy regard."

"Hush, speak not of her thus, we love each other; she must *consent* ere I go with thee."

"Be it as thou wilt, I will seek her, we are on terms of peace—and if I obtain her consent?" clasping her trembling hand.

"You *have* my consent, go follow him to his home, and the curse of Matawa go with thee."

Quick as a lightning gleam an arrow pierced the heart of the youth, who fell back and expired, his eyes

still resting on poor Silver-Leaf, who had fallen on his bosom.

On the summit of the bank, partly concealed by the trees, stood the tall figure of Matawa, with a gaudily-painted hunting-cap, from beneath which gleamed her fiend-like features. A snow-white fawn with which she intended to surprise Silver-Leaf was fastened to her girdle. Loosing the cord he bounded away to the woods.

“Go back to thy home, the fallen leaf deserves thee not,” approaching, as she spoke, the pale, inanimate maiden. “She shall no longer quaff the poison of this serpent, though its deadly sting hath entered her once pure heart.”

It would be impossible to describe the loathing with which she released her from that rigid embrace, and laid her on the moist bank. Life’s hue soon returned to her cheek, and with it a strong, wild energy. Starting to her feet her eye falls on that silent form, and she utters a painful cry. But encountering the scornful, pitiless glance of Matawa, words wrathful and bitter burst from her quivering lips.

“Proud woman of a noble race, how art thou fallen from thy star-mingled home—the serpent hath

no wings, and like it thou hast hither crawled and aimed thy silent dart. The *Eagle* is at thy feet, but his *spirit* dwells in yon beautiful home, and smiles on his artful foe ; the blaze on thy hearth is forever extinguished, and ashes over it strewn. Silver-Leaf mourns in silence, but shuns the eye of Matawa."

Strange was the picture these two so widely different beings presented. Silver-Leaf, her slight figure raised to its utmost height, and features eloquently expressing the despair and madness of her soul. Matawa, tall and unbending, regarding her with fixed, stoical indifference, and without deigning to answer, slowly entered the forest.

In solitude Silver-Leaf poured forth her heart's deep agony. Kneeling by the side of her lover, with her long hair she wiped the dew from his clammy brow, while her low moans fell unheeded on his ear.

The moon-beams lit up the face of her beloved ; still she remained in the same position. A gentle hand is laid upon her, and words kind and sympathizing fall upon her ear. A dearly loved play-fellow, waiting her return in anxious solicitude, sought her there. Vainly did she entreat the pale sufferer to leave the cold ground, and with *her* seek a warmer shelter.

Almost reproachfully, she replies: "Can I leave him here to be torn and mangled by his fierce enemies, and carried I know not whither? I must know where he slumbers, that I may listen to the breathing of his spirit, and sing to it in my loneliness. *This* should be his resting-place," and she laid her hand on the green bank and commenced pulling the tender blades.

Silently, with spades procured for the purpose, the two friends began their mournful task, and ere the grey light of dawn appeared, the youth was consigned to his narrow bed, and the green sods placed carefully over him.

In compassion to the broken-hearted maiden her people suffered him to lie there, and even *Matawa* opposed it not, thus leaving a tinge of verdure on the perishing leaf. For it was a mournful pleasure to sit on the green mound that covered him, and dream of the "Spirit Land," from which she heard the voice of her beloved calling her.

Time glided on, and the "Spirit Maiden" still hovered over the hallowed spot—for so they had *named* her (so shadowy and ethereal had she grown), and though hope sometimes dawned on the hearts of her sorrowing companions when a bright tinge glowed on

her transparent cheek, they knew not " 't was the unnatural hue which autumn paints upon the perished leaf."

She died : her fair head resting on the pale flowers that bloomed on the grave of her beloved, the *palest* and most *devoted* of them *all*.

In *life* stern Matawa forgave her not, but when the cherished flower was crushed *forever*, her smothered grief was revealed. Tenderly clasping the fragile form in her strong arms, in the silent depths of the forest, unseen by mortal eye, from the warm fountain of her heart she poured its last bitter drops on the perished Leaf.

Complying with the wishes of the loved one, with her *own* hands she laid her by the side of her beloved, but buried between them her bow and arrow, whether as an emblem of *peace* or *war* remains a mystery.

The open violation of the treaty by Matawa was the cause of another severe conflict with the whites.

Seeing the sure and rapid destruction of her race, like the shattered oak, she fell beneath the shock, and deeply lamented by her people, the *Indian Oracle* passed to her long home.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

O, SWEETEST glen! from whose fresh and virgin heart indulgent nature lifts the veil, that mortal eye may gaze upon thy beauty and dream of immortality. But pause, thou favored one, ere yet thy feet dare cross its charmed confines; for then thy bewildered sense wrapped in mystic spell no longer may clearly view this lovely gem.

Behold the trees that from the firm, green banks in lofty grandeur rise, twining their long and graceful limbs to shelter their own loved offspring.

O'ershadowed quite, it sleeps in calm repose, or as some golden shadow o'er it plays, smiles to catch its light embrace.

The shining poplar, elm of tender growth and slender willow mingle in harmony with their giant-like progenitors.

List to the soothing music of the gentle rill, that

winds in slow and easy motion through its best-loved haunt, lost on the river's placid bosom.

With playful emulation birds of various hues mingle their liquid notes with its gurgling melody.

Naught else disturbs the alluring silence. But as the sun sinks low upon the western hills, a host of shadows gold and brown steal o'er its tranquil beauty, dancing to the tall trees that nod and shake their heads, wondering at their audacity; while some in quiet nooks and corners hide themselves and rest.

To the weary traveller the swing and rustic seats present a rural comfort. And now, as twilight's veil falls thick and fast, enter thou and find a sweet repose; and as the moon gleams through the willows grey, and on its beams bright fairies quick descend and round thee form a mystic ring, I 'll tell thee what once they did for a little mortal, deeply pitying his misfortunes when they found him good and pure like *themselves*.

It chanced that on the margin of the river, in a small and homely hut, there dwelt a fisherman and his wife. They were not like *some* poor and honest people, but coarse and ill-natured, often quarrelling with themselves, and abusing a beautiful little boy they had found

lying near the shore when about a year old, quite forsaken. They thought it best to rear the child, that he might help them in their old age. And having reached his seventh or eighth year, they tasked him far beyond his strength.

After the many morning errands he must take his hook and line and go forth to try his luck among the finny tribe, which was not always numerous near the margin, and beyond which he could not venture.

He had acquired great skill in catching the little animals, and always endeavored to please his hard-hearted guardians by surprising them with even more than they expected.

But they seldom gave him a kind word, and his angel face had assumed an expression of meekness and resignation rarely seen in one so young.

His only happiness was in being occasionally permitted to visit the beautiful glen lying near, where throwing himself upon the green bank, he loved to listen to the murmuring of the stream and dream of a world of happy and good little people who were always smiling and kind, and where the fishes were frolicking in every direction, ready to be caught without hooks.

He had never seen the fairies, except in his dreams (for they were not quite ready to take him *to themselves*), but as he grew better and more like them every day, they loved him more and more, and tried to make his lot more happy.

But the more patiently and cheerfully he bore the cruel treatment of his guardians; the more merciless they became.

One day, having brought to them but half the usual quantity of fish, they had upbraided and shamefully beaten him. With his large eyes swimming in tears he sought his loved glen for consolation, and kneeling down upon the side of the stream, bathed his tiny hands and face in its clear water. His light hair floated down the stream, and a holy light played over his features, beautiful as a young seraph's.

While his little hands were lying listlessly in the water, and he dreamily observing them, gentle music stole upon his ear, resembling the whispering of the trees, except that it seemed *nearer* and more delicious.

Lifting his eyes in wondering innocence he was still more surprised to see on either side of the stream a row of snow-white lilies, which slowly bending to and fro seemed to produce the enchanting sound.

With childlike delight he smelt of each one *separately*, and then gently plucked one. As he gazed into its snowy depths, he heard a sweet voice singing :

“ Child, thy pains will soon be fled,
On the moon-beams thou shalt tread;
Thou with *us* shalt come and dwell,
Sleeping in the lily bell,
Swinging on the slender willow,
Sailing on the streamlet's billow,
Dancing, singing, ever gay,
Thou, poor child, with *us* shalt stay.”

At that moment a tiny little figure sprang from the bosom of the flower, and taking both of the child's hands in its own, gazed into his face with so happy and kindly an expression that the tears sprang to his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

The good little fairy kissed them away, and seated him beside her on the grass.

He knew that he had seen her in his dreams, but she had never seemed so charming.

She wore a pale-green gossamer robe through which her rosy figure faintly shone, while her amber-tinted hair enveloped her like a cloud of gold. In a low, musical voice she thus addressed him :

“My sweet child, will you leave your cruel guardians and come and live with me, and I will be your little sister, and make you happy all the day?”

The child fixed his wondering eyes upon her beaming face, and replied :

“Will you always look beautiful and kind as now? And shall I always see you when *awake* as well as in my dreams? And will you always love me?”

“O, yes,” said the fairy, smiling, “I will be always near, and love you as long as you *live*.”

The child’s face grew radiantly joyous, and clapping his little hands he exclaimed :

“O, how happy I shall be to come and live with you in this beautiful place!”

Then, suddenly, while a shade mingled with his smiles, falteringly he said :

“But who will catch the fishes for my guardians, and help them when I’m away?”

“You are too good to live with them; and when you are away, my sweet child, they will catch their *own* fishes, and help *themselves*, which will be far better for them. But you may go back, if you like, and tell them what you have seen, and try and gain their permission to leave them. But if they *refuse* and wickedly misuse

you, then my little friend must fly hither, and never go back again."

As the child gazed on the lovely little being a pale mist rose around her, until he could see her form no longer, and as it slowly rolled away he beheld the same snow-white lily bending to and fro, and heard a soft voice singing :

" Soon thou 'rt free from mortal power ;
Naught can harm thee from that hour ;
Pure as drop of May-dew bright
Shines thy soul in crystal light,
All too good for mortal eye ;
Dearest child, then hither fly."

The boy listened till the voice died away, and then rose to return home. A small bundle lying upon the ground attracted his attention. As he picked it up how was he surprised to see little gold fishes hopping on and around him in every direction ! His basket was beside him, and one by one they all hopped into it.

He knew that these were sent by the fairy, that his guardians might not chide him. Taking the basket and the bundle, which he had not opened, he proceeded on his way.

Having reached his home, with a smiling face (when they began both loudly to reproach him), he laid his gifts before them.

A white lace cap, trimmed with gold-colored ribbon, and a scarlet shawl first caught the eye of the fisherman's wife. Hastily snatching them up she quickly arrayed herself in the brilliant apparel. As the boy looked up, letting his eye soar from the shawl to the lofty crown of the snowy cap, a fit of laughter seized him, which (notwithstanding the rage of the wearer) he could not for some time control.

A gold-headed cane and spotted neckerchief were quickly seized by the fisherman.

"Where did you get them?" cried both at once, as they eagerly searched the bundle to see what *more* it contained.

"There is nothing *more*," said the boy, "but if you will listen quietly, I will tell you all about how I came by them."

Then he related to them all that the good fairy had said, and asked them if they were willing he should go and live with the fairies always.

"No!" they both exclaimed, "but you shall go every day and bring us pretty things from the glen."

"Perhaps she will not give them to me," said the child, "for the fairies do not like any but those that are good."

"And are ~~we~~ not good?" said they, angrily. "Go this moment to bed, and in the morning rise early and bring us something from the glen."

The boy made no reply, but meekly did as they commanded. The next morning he rose early and went to the glen, but after remaining all day he had seen nothing of the fairy nor found anything to carry to his covetous guardians.

They scolded and abused him, and threatened the greatest punishment if he returned the next day with no better success.

In the morning, with a saddened heart, he once more returned to the glen. Twilight was fast approaching, and he had met with no better fortune than on the preceding day. Then he thought the fairy had deserted him, and dreading to return, he remained undecided what he should do.

Suddenly he heard his guardians' loud voices, and looking through the trees beheld them coming with great speed towards the glen. As they caught a glimpse of the child, they cried,

"O, you young rogue!—if we catch you we are going to beat you to death. Why have you not brought us some of the handsome things the fairies have stored away? But we'll find them and carry them all away with us," at the same time rushing eagerly to the mouth of the glen.

The child trembled with fear, when suddenly he saw them stop, and falling on their knees, raise their hands in the greatest terror. Then he felt some tiny arms thrown round him, and a little face pressed lovingly against his own. He knew it was the fairy, as she whispered:

"They cannot reach you here, we have sent a great lion to *frighten* them, and he stands with his mouth open ready to devour them, and they are trembling in every limb."

"Do not let him touch them," timidly responded the child, clinging involuntarily to the fairy.

"No, my child, he shall not touch them if they do not approach too *near*, but *you* must remain with us, and they can never reach you, for the fierce lion will always remain there to *guard* you, and to all *wicked* people he will seem just as *terrible*."

Then *kissing* the boy she led him away into a

grotto of pearl, where all the fairies were asleep in rosy shells, but they all rose as the fairy entered, singing:

“Sisters, wake; behold I bring
To you a little Fairy King;
Free from every earthly sin,
Sisters, kneel and worship him.”

Then they all knelt round the little stranger, who stood looking at them in happy wonderment.

His favorite fairy now approached and taking him by the hand led him to a table laden with every delicacy, and seated herself beside him. The others followed their example, and now he found himself surrounded with rosy, smiling little people, all chatting and regaling themselves in the greatest glee.

He soon felt quite at home with his new friends, and grew merry and free as any of them. When the repast was ended the table suddenly vanished, and he beheld brilliant rooms without number opened before him. Delicious music floated around him, and with his friend he began to explore the “Fairy Kingdom.”

I will not attempt to describe the wonderful things he saw, but leave him with the good fairies, with whom he always lived perfectly happy.

And now, thou charmed mortal, wake :
 Behold, the morning light doth break.
 The silver moon-beams fainter grow,
 And fainter still the fire-fly's glow.
 No longer now the fairy ring
 Are dancing round their bright boy-king.
 All to their coverts sly have fled
 Ere tinged the eastern sky with red.
 But in the floweret you may trace
 The sweetness of their last embrace.
 And to the dew-gems bend thy lip,
 To catch the freshness of their sip.

There, through the willows' misty haze,
 Behold, the Elf-King sad doth gaze,
 Lamenting that this fair retreat
 (Claimed as the fairies' ancient seat)
 By *him* can never be possessed,
 A lone and uninvited guest ;
 For well the fairies understand
 The mischief of the Elfin band,
 And may not share their bright domain
 Lest *wickedness* usurp the reign.

Mortal, awake ; pursue thy way,
But if again at close of day
Thou wouldst behold the fairy dance,
And yield thee to a mystic trance,
Come with heart all free from guile,
Spurning still the tempter's smile ;
For shouldst thou e'er with sin engage,
Then tremble 'neath the Lion's rage.

A PEEP AT HAMPTON.

A PECULIARLY wonderful place is this Hampton. But not more so than the crowds of people who congregate here. And in no place has an observer rarer food on which to feed his hungry glances.

But it frequently happens there is a point of concentration to which all the diverging rays (as it were unconsciously) are brought to an interesting focus. Such a point (ah, yes, in size at least) was the person who with a splendid party arrived at Hampton Beach a few days since and stopped at Boar's Head Hotel.

We will not dwell upon the bustle and confusion occasioned by this unexpected arrival, but listen for a moment to the Yankeeified twang of this small person as he advises and directs to rooms best suited to the different *ages* and *constitutions* of that mixed party. *Surely this is a person of consequence.* Great is the parade when the *tea* bell rings.

A deeper hue mantles the cheek of this ruddy gentleman, as with breathless eloquence and rapid action (like a newly-appointed Brigadier General) he ranges them in rank and file, and in a shrill voice gives the order of march, turning at the same time with swelling importance to a tall and graceful lady, "We will bring up the rear."

Brilliant was the coterie around that festive board, e'en like a string of diamonds did they appear, contrasting beautifully with one dazzling, solitary ruby (not booby) miraculously placed in that enviable position.

But supper and breakfast are of minor importance, compared with the ever-welcome announcement of the *dinner* hour. Again they are marshalled in the same precise order, and again the little man follows with tremendous strides, and places himself at the head of the table. His countenance being suggestive of free and sparkling libations the gentlemen willingly assigned him this conspicuous place; *most convenient*—wine being ordered and brought by such *skillful* agency. The egotistical harangues and glances from the delicate eyes are too much for the young ladies; their modest and dignified countenances in danger of being thrown into most unbecoming contortions.

Wine being the climax of the dinner table, we will leave with the rest and follow our hero to a more extended field of action.

Were we not wonderfully observing we could not recognize him in the strange apparel in which he next appears. A hunting frock of dark bottle-green (very apropos); large Turkish trousers, enhancing his original chunkedness; a cap which did not conceal his tight-curling wool (?) (we must not say) *vice versa* ringlets. And then the splendid title he assumed, *King of the Rancheros*!

With what firmness he grasps the heavy bronzed gun; but the gaze of those in the rear is immediately attracted by a strange twitching of the elbows and a straightening of the curled locks. Fie! 't is naught but excitement and inspired development of heroic valor.

With eyes slightly averted his aim is directed toward an unfortunate swallow: but, lucky escape, 't is naught but a loud click. "Ah, too *heavily loaded*," quoth the chivalrous man. After several more unsuccessful attempts the ladies grow impatient, propose another excursion, while *some* even dared to hint that the *powder* had been forgotten.

Nowhere is he so original and natural as in the *watery* element, for naught can be more perfect than his resemblance to a beautiful turtle, at the approach of the dashing waves continually thrusting its head into its convenient shell. *Still* ever interesting.

Sometimes he loves to assume the air of a mentor —lecturing and advising the young ladies, who are slyly casting arch glances at the sage wrinkles about his eyes, and wondering “what manner of man he is?”

But we will not waste more words on *one* object (we will not say insignificant), for how could it have ever been placed in so *conspicuous* a position?

MERMAID ON A ROCK.

THE INDIAN'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

IN a dense forest, in one of the western States, there formerly lived a wild and uncultivated Indian. He was the only son of one of the oldest and wisest counsellors of the Pawnee tribe.

He had always been a dreamy and abstracted being, although his father had endeavored to train him to join the chase with a spirit to outdo all the young warriors whose *souls* were in this exercise.

Noumo was always compelled to accompany them, but often would steal away to some retired place, and with his broad forehead resting upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon the clouds, would sit seemingly absorbed in intense thought, till roused by his companions to return.

But what could be his thoughts? He on whom fair Science never shed her glorious light, but whose mind still remained in darkness, filled with all the super-

stitutions that his father and other wise old chiefs could instil into it, and which they considered as sacred truths?

They had told him that if he loved, worshipped and obeyed the "*Good Spirit*," after death he would be transported to the "Spirit Land" to reign in happiness forever. Of *this* he seemed ever to be thinking and dreaming.

He loved solitude and never seemed happy in their gay circles. Yet there was not one in the whole tribe who could speak like him, and when danger threatened *he* was the chosen one to animate them with an electric speech, which gave them strength and spirit almost supernatural. And when *necessity* required *his* was the arm to speed the arrow with unfailing aim.

One lovely morning all the young warriors of the tribe were assembled to go on a hunting expedition, from which they expected to derive much pleasure and profit. All were ready but Noumo, who came not. They went to his tent, and, behold, he was not there, nor could he be found. That day and the next were spent in searching for him, but in vain. They never heard from him more, but long after prayers and presents were offered to the "*Good Spirit*" that he

might restore him to them, or take him to that happy place where he had so long wished to dwell.

Meanwhile what has become of poor Noumo? He has gone to dwell in solitude. In an almost impenetrable forest he has chosen his retreat. On a rock that reared its head high above the trees, daily might be seen his tall figure, his black locks streaming in the wind, arms extended and eyes upturned, ready to take flight to that "upper sky," where his mind had so long dwelt.

One day he ascended his favorite elevation, stretched himself across its summit, and soon became lost in a blissful dream.

He was transported to a region more beautiful than his wildest imagination had ever conceived, or fancy pictured.

The first object that attracted his attention was a being seated upon a throne of variegated clouds, a crown of stars around his head, who in a firm but sweet voice bade him *approach*. He prostrated himself before him, but commanding him to rise, the bright being thus addressed him:

"I am the Good Spirit. I have long known thy secret wish, and that thou hast loved and worshipped

me with a pure heart. Receive now thy reward. Thou art in that happy land which has so long been thy desire. Cast thine eyes around and behold thy future kingdom."

The delighted Indian gazed with rapture on the lovely scene. Groves of strange and beautiful trees; broad, extended hunting grounds; and on the soft, green hills which rose in the distance, herds of *spirit* deer might be seen proudly bounding, followed by hounds swifter than the wind, and their light-footed masters, who suddenly came rushing to the place where he stood, and with happy faces and extended hands welcomed him to their blest abode.

In *some* of them he recognized warriors of the tribe, who had died.

They led him in triumph to a host of venerable chiefs who were engaged in a sumptuous feast, and among them he beheld his father, from whom he received a joyous embrace. They then led him to *another* group who were engaged in *menial* offices. For having worshipped the *Bad* Spirit they were forever doomed to serve those who had obeyed the Good Spirit.

Placing in his hand a golden hook they led him to a broad, lucid lake, filled with fish of every variety.

No sooner had he touched his hook to the water than a beautiful golden fish with diamond eyes sprang towards it. But, fatal leap! 't was a *sure* hook, and laid him glittering on the green bank.

All eyes were now directed to a more *glorious* object. On a brilliant sunset cloud the "Good Spirit" came sailing proudly towards them, and placing Noumo beside him told him he would carry him to a place far more beautiful than any he had yet *seen*.

But, sad reality! as he rose in the air his eyes opened, and behold, it was a *dream*.

He did not long after survive, but was buried at the foot of his favorite rock by a white man, to whom he related his dream, and his last prayer was "that the 'Good Spirit' might come on his shining cloud and bear him to that blissful region he had visited in his dream."

EAST PASCAGOULA.

APRIL, 1865.

Two weeks have glided rapidly away in this cool and comfortable resort for all health seekers, city-weary, panting mortals.

Sitting at evening on the gallery, a soft but invigorating breeze blowing from the water, Horn Island dim in the distance, now and then a schooner skirting the horizon, occasionally a steamer ploughing persistently on, curving in to the wharf, watched with eager eyes from the shore (to them a little event), and *best* of all the gallant gunboat *Jackson* anchored in the sound, presenting a *formidable* but *unconcerned* appearance (and affording a pleasing sense of security). All *this* makes one feel a little more forward than the *rest* of mankind, and to wonder why there is not a rush to secure the few vacant cottages, to say nothing of Dodson's inviting and comfortable Hotel.

The Army and Navy are here well represented, Gumble's Hotel being occupied as headquarters by the *former*. Of the polite and gentlemanly attentions of some of its officers we were the grateful recipients on our arrival here.

The *bathing* is very fine—the water being of the right temperature, and it is unnecessary to describe this luxury to any who have ever experienced it in warm weather.

Milk, vegetables, mulberries and blackberries in any quantity, fine fresh oysters, fish of almost every description, are some of the *native* products; while almost any thing else can be procured by a little understanding with the captains of steamers plying between New Orleans and Mobile.

One of the principal amusements here is horseback riding. Almost every evening a cavalcade of six or eight ladies and gentlemen may be seen galloping by; and I would here remark as one of the principal attractions of the place, is the number of nice young ladies who reside here, and with whom I have passed several pleasant evenings at their musical soirees.

Pascagoula is a *poetical* place. It has its legendary lore, and many of the old creoles will give a long history

of the "mysterious music" proceeding from a particular point in Pascagoula River which has been heard at certain times since they were children and long *before*.

Some will say a beautiful Indian maiden threw herself in there, and her *spirit* once every year plays a requiem upon a golden harp. *Others* that the remnant of an oppressed tribe, hand in hand, marched in, chanting their *own* dirge.

We were invited a few evenings since to join a party for a sail up the river in quest of this *mysterious music*. We gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity, and after partaking of the bountiful hospitality of the captain of the gunboat, were escorted from thence into a fine side boat, about dark, with six stalwart oarsmen and a splendid moon in prospect.

We glide smoothly and noiselessly on toward the "mysterious region." Hush! we have reached the hallowed spot, and with suspended breath wait perhaps half an hour in eager expectation. Nothing is heard but the song of the crickets and the croaking of frogs, and faith and hope are fast dying out.

How to invoke the "weird musician" is a puzzle. *Silence* not having the desired effect, we commence to sing. A few chords, and lo, not an echo, but a melody

seemingly far off, but pervading the *whole air* steals upon the ear.

Again all is quiet. We look at each other without speaking, but thought says simultaneously, "We have heard, we have heard." A few more snatches from the "mystic depths," fainter and fainter, till all is hushed.

We wait a reasonable, or rather an *unreasonable* time, hoping to hear *more*. But in vain: spirits are chary of their accomplishments, and *we* well satisfied in having been *so favored*.

I will not attempt to describe *more fully* this music, but if you have any curiosity, come and hear for *yourself*.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

HUSBANDS, when ye rise in the morning it behooves ye to be good-natured; to sit down to the breakfast table with a grateful, genial countenance, the light of which maketh glad the hearts of the little ones there assembled, and especially *hers* whose happiness is so dependent upon and often so *proportionate* to your *own*.

If ye note a shade upon *her* brow bethink ye if the *cloud* upon your *own* is not reflected there. For often have I marked the *would-be* cheerful, fair face gradually assume a sad, cold, even *despairing* look from the cross, uncongenial mood of him who, she has long hoped and prayed in vain, would conquer this uncomfortable and almost habitual spirit, *particularly* observable in the *morning*.

How effectually is all social converse checked when this demon Ill-temper, this porcupine with bristling

quills, reigns in him we call the head of the house. Aye, he well deserves the title.

The children breathe freer when he takes his abrupt departure; no parting kiss, or kindly admonition to be good, or word of comfort or consolation to *her* from whose full heart the words gush forth, "Will the good that is in him never gain the victory, and shine forth with a clear and steady light on this benighted household?"

These few words tell all she suffers, *has* suffered, and will *continue* to suffer unless ye *change*.

Hint of this infirmity to its ill-starred possessor (if indeed there is the least admission of the fact), business, multitudinous cares are reproachfully urged in extenuation. An exceedingly convenient and well-ridden hobby.

Common enough it is with this class of men to joke, chat and laugh with their fellow-beings whom they may meet in their business peregrinations, be even *obsequiously* polite if a *lady* they chance to encounter, but as they near their own habitations the countenance gradually lengthens, and by the time they have fairly entered and *shut out* the gaze of the *world*, they have managed to heap the weight of Atlas upon their

shoulders, and all the labors of Sysiphus are fully expressed and concentrated in the long, hard, cross-grained visage.

Now what motive can they have for this manner of procedure? I know of none, except it may be a false notion that it enhances their *consequence*, and that there is no occasion, no necessity of curbing the heart's *natural* spirit of enmity. *There* they are under no restraint.

Most fatal error. Certain are they (struggle against it as she *may*) to lose her respect (in whose eyes it should ever be their endeavor to appear *most* noble and manly) and of their children as they advance in years.

Then as ye value your peace *now*, hereafter, or in the *great* hereafter, banish all ill-humor, fretfulness and discontent from your homes; wage war with windmills like Don Quixote, vent your spleen *anywhere*, but cross not the sacred threshold, ere your souls are attuned to harmony and you feel that *your* presence *alone* is wanting to make a full and perfect *chord*.

DEAR WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS:

I HAVE strong sympathy and innate friendship for you *all*, having read from the *first* your publications, and ever with renewed interest.

I confess at that time I had given the subject of Woman's Rights but little *thought*, and looked upon it as one of those "abstract agitations" of society which we regard with more *curiosity* than anything else. I now believe Woman Suffrage, when *carried out*, will be the greatest reforming influence of the age.

Women, generally, I think, are awakened to a *truer* valuation of themselves, seeing in the future a *freer* and more extended field of action, which they may occupy to advantage in their *own* eyes and eventually in the eyes of the opposite sex.

We all know there is a feeling in man (whether from long *custom* or to enhance his *own* consequence), to ignore any *great* capabilities, *mental* or *practical*, in the so-called weaker sex. And I consider it *inevitable* under

existing *laws* — laws which women had no hand in *forming* or *framing*, and who, at that time, and for years *after*, were not even *thought* of as aiding in their formation.

Why *should* not man feel his superiority over any class for whom he has been allowed to legislate for so long a time in the vital interests of life, property and offspring?

Like *children* have women been regarded, and as incapable of having a voice in the great questions which most *concern* them. If *married*, to be taken care of as a *valuable* or *indifferent* piece of property, according as feeling or interest might dictate.

“The household,” they say (if she has one), “is Woman’s Kingdom,” never dreaming that its cares and responsibilities are fully equal to those in what is called *Man’s Sphere*; and as far as “taking care of” goes, men require and *are* taken care of more, *personally*, than women.

To “Woman’s Kingdom,” or household, I have no objection, and when *well* filled consider it the highest position she can occupy. But looking upon her as an equal *co-worker*, with a mind looking as far for the general happiness and interest of those around her as the chosen companion of her life, should she not have

equal rights and privileges in every thing which they possess ?

But we all know she *does not*, either while living or in *outliving* her companion, and never *will* have until she helps to *make* the laws which now deprive her of her just rights.

CANAL STREET,

NEW ORLEANS.

Hurry, sister!—we 'll catch the train
That is passing now to the right;
Hurry, I say; for drops of rain
Like gems in the sun's stronger light
Fall twinkling and hide on the plain.

Quietly taking our seats inside,
With gallant and ne'er-failing haste,
A man in the box our fare doth slide,
Our thanks and a courteous face,
And down to Canal Street we ride.

Sunshower passed, we walk up and down
This street, the pride of the city;
Rich and poor, the life of the town
Here meet with the beggar for pity,
Brushed by, with a trained velvet gown,
(184)

Sweeping along, worn with an air
 Would cast Semiramis in shade ;
 Wondrous face, than *mortal* more fair,
 And roses so cunningly laid,
 Set off with the jewels most rare.

Loved promenade, by night and by day,
 Of dear fashion's gaily-decked crowd ;
 But dearer to him who squanders away
 His time on the corners, so proud
 To think that for *him* such array.

Barouches, dog carts and landaus
 Filled in with wealth, beauty and pride,
 O'er the street a certain *dash* throw,
 As on to the shell road they ride,
 Shell road gleaming white like the snow.

This way and that, from levee to lake,
 Roll cars through the centre of street ;
 Carts, drays and the like, such din do make,
 As shakes the earth under your feet,
 And everything seems "wide awake."

Not quite : on the sidewalk asleep,
 With mumblings for pence still on lip,
 Hat over eyes, poor squalid heap,
 From fortune's great wheel a poor chip—
 For *him* who a vigil doth keep ?

Now a child with face old and sly,
 Extending a small withered hand,
 “ Lady, a nickel, some bread to buy ? ”
 So hungry, but well with vice crammed,
 Her only instruction to *lie*.

Humanity ever must weep
 For poor little lambs led astray ;
 Dear Christ, forget not, but keep
 Green pastures for all such as *they*,
 And rocked on thy bosom to sleep.

Rich buildings upreared to the sky,
 Vast treasures imported within ;
 Christ's Church and the theatre nigh,
 Amusement, then pray for your sin,
 But *prayers they can come by and by*.

Grand old statue of Henry Clay,
 About the first object in view ;
 Still farther down, a wonder to-day
 For *size*, stands the custom-house, too,
 Conceived less for *use* than *display*.

Fine windows dressed up for a show,
 But few the temptation withstand,
 They more and more covetous grow,
 And purses grow lighter in hand,
 As off with their treasures they go.

The street it is splendidly wide,
 The throng most "decidedly mixt."
Attractive it can't be denied,
 With ladies so charmingly fixed,
 And all floating on with the tide.

The violet's breath on the wind,
 Like whispers of angels to men,
 Steals over the heart and the mind,
 Renewing fair blossoms again,
 And also our love for mankind.

Just here on the corner behold
 The bunches so fragrant and blue,
In baskets and aprons enrolled,
 Their bright eyes so modest and true,
And all of them looking at *you*.

The sun in fierce splendor doth gleam,
 As nearer the zenith inclined ;
Too scorching for us his bright beam,
 So homeward our way we will wind,
And wait for another *day dream*.

FRENCH TOWN.

“Earrings zay fine, artistic and cheap,
A bargain I ’ll give you, I swear;
Try them, and if you don’t *like*, don’t *keep*;
And as I ’m a Frenchman zat ’s fair;
As I tell you, zay *cheap*, vay cheap.

“Madame, you may look anywhere,
More money twice over you ’ll pay;
Half price for so lovely a pair—
I really now *give* them away.”
“Too bad; so good-day, Sir, good-day.”

The buildings are mouldy and grey;
Conservatives all who live here;
Sure, all things will go to decay
Before they improve them; that ’s clear;
And none are there *wiser* than they.

The old "French Cathedral" is here,
 So lofty and grand in its day,
 Time-honored, and still held so dear,
 Yet suffered to go to decay :
 A *retrograde* symptom, I fear.

This part of the city, 't is true,
 Its flourishing zenith hath passed ;
 And loving *old* things more than *new*,
 Down hill it will go pretty fast,
 All progress and change lost to view.

Once "the city proper," the mart
 Of merchandise, shipping and trade,
 Till enterprise, getting the start,
 Cast "Old Town" quite into the shade,
 And *above* her, metropolis made.

But "Old Town" a certain charm owns ;
 Like some "foreign city" it seems ;
 The stranger with interest roams
 And over past chronicles dreams,
 And on orders and mandates from thrones.

And, see!—from old esplanade,
 Of French Creole beauty the type,
 A maiden walks forth with her *guard*—
 A guard with Afric blood ripe—
 To keep some from staring *too hard*.

The Square, “Jackson Square,” so renowned
 For its Hero of Freedom and Right,
 Should make the whole spot hallowed ground,
 As he sits there so proud in his might;
 Too brave, as Sir Packingham found.

Sit down on this seat in the shade,
 Look over the trees and the flowers;
 Neat workmen their plans have well laid;
 ’T is a spot to charm the dull hours,
 In freshness and beauty arrayed.

Still on toward the levee we go,
 The “Market” so famous in view;
 There are all sorts of products, we know,
 And people of every hue,
 Dutch, Negro, French and Dago.

A curious medley you 'll meet
 In merchandise, manners and mind,
 With interest still quite replete,
 Though from ancient splendor declined.
 Pure café "au lait" for a treat.

The Barracks—ah, yes! take this car;
 Headquarters of red, white and blue.
 Their wisdom and valor afar
 Have reared Freedom's banner to view,
 Revered as a Nation's bright star.

Quite spacious and cool their retreat,
 Good buildings and lofty old trees;
 God bless them and render life sweet;
 O, waft their brave deeds, every breeze!
 Adieu! We will take this next street.

THE GARDEN DISTRICT.

A very appropriate name !

We 've wandered by square after square,
Roses and buds at us peeping
And climbing up everywhere,
Vines in rich foliage creeping.

Such roses were ne'er seen before,
So perfect, so large, and so fine ;
The *climate* just fitted to crown
The "queen of all blossoms divine"
With new beauty and matchless renown.

O, beauteous, beauteous flowers,
So fragrant and varied in hue !
Thy modest and regal-crowned heads
Compelling our worship to you,
Enthroned in your magnetic beds.

Palaces modern in style
 Adorn this garden domain,
 Built up when *cotton* was king,
 The fruit of slavery's chain.
Such riches do often take wing.

In many *new* owners now dwell,
 One's *loss* another one's *gain* ;
 The flowerets care not, nor heed,
 But ever most gorgeously reign,
 Perfected the tiniest seed.

The " Market " and " Magazine Street "
 With bustle and business are rife ;
 But the striking feature throughout
 Is easy and affluent life,
 To judge from surroundings about.

The " magnolia " I must not forget :
 Tree stately, so dark and so tall,
 Presenting those blossoms of light,
 A heavenly emblem to all,
 A marvelous chalice of white.

The orange, the golden, the wonder,
 Through vestments of green satin leaves,
 Gleams forth in balls of such splendor,
 Spontaneous homage receives;
 While mingled white blossoms so tender

(The *flower* and the *fruit* on one tree),
 A perfume exhale on the air,
 So heavily laden with sweetness
 We breathe and we quaff it with care,
 O'erpowered with delicious completeness.

Luxurious trees without number
 A cooling and grateful shade lend;
 But off in the distance, behold one
 Whose branches so mournfully blend,
 With sadness and awe quite enfold one.

This tree all unsuited to gardens,
 Wild grandeur in *forests* creates;
 A grove of live oaks, moss trailing,
 Most weird of all weavings of "fates,"
 With the wind through its grey webs wailing.

I could sing of the Gnomes and the Demons,
Of Griffins and mischievous Pan,
In the forests and swamps lying near,
Unpeopled, untrodden by man;
But the time would be misspent, I fear.

FASHION.

A lady full-dressed
Is never at rest,
She always must pay dear for *style* ;
Her plaitings and puffs,
Fine quillings and ruffs,
Forbid sweet repose all the while.

Of course to sit down
Endangers the gown,
The panier, the flounces and bows ;
Though quite out of breath
And tired to death,
'T would wrinkle and crumple, she knows.

And then for her head
As heavy as lead,
Or from hairpins pulling in pain ;

False braids and quirls,
 Frisettes and curls
 Annoy and perplex her poor brain.

Her long, slender waist
 In whalebones encased,
 For breathing but very small chance,
 But the waltz—the divine—
 In that she must shine ;
With breath or *without* she must dance.

What good does it do
 All this to go through
 And make of one's self such a martyr?
 O, Vanity Fair!
 Thy treat should be *rare*,
 For thee health and comfort to barter.

But few can conceive
 Or scarcely believe
 How hard to be always in fashion ;
 A leader of "ton"
 Right steadily on
 Must work like a slave for this passion.

Alas ! for the pain
When triumphs do wane,
The one ruling passion, *display* ;
Charms all are fled,
The sad page read—
A lifetime frittered away.

LOST.

O, the wild, lone moor, like a nightmare dream,
 Stretches o'er memory's page,
And again my heart throbs fast and loud,
 As in that more youthful age,
When we wandered forth, my cousin and I,
 The early part of the day,
To catch the colt so young and shy
 In the pasture far away,
And having caught, on his back he sprang
 (For this I ever shall blame),
And said in haste, as he galloped off,
 "Go back the same way you came."

Now, he was a thoughtless boy, nor dreamed
 But I knew the path full well.
I looked around, and a sudden fear
 Possessed me, like a spell.

The terrible thought, "You 're lost, you 're lost!"

Kept rushing through my brain,
While chaos, phantoms, famine and frost,
A long and horrid train,
Had taken away all reason and sense
And daylight turned to night.
But few there are who can understand
That wild and reckless flight
O'er the dreary waste—no landmarks near;
But winged were the feet
That o'er it sped till the swampy land
Had gathered a pond—how deep
No matter, no heed, but rushing through
They reach the farther side,
And off in the distance (blessed view!)
A dwelling is descried.

Onward, onward, that haven to reach,
Is now the one desire,
O'er broken-down fence and rugged walls,
Through bushes dense and briar.
At length on the doorstep dropping down,
Like a weary, wounded bird,
With poor, bruised feet and bedraggled gown,

And scarcely hearing a word
 That the farmer said, who came along,
 Wondering whence she came,
 And soothing with kindly words of cheer,
 Then asked of her her name.
 "Aunt Lydia lives by the big oak tree,
 And I have lost my way."
 "O, yes; I know, right along with me
 You shall ride without delay."

Now some may laugh in reading this tale,
 But I this truth will tell:
 Full many a time and oft, since then,
 I've felt the horrid spell,
 And have learned to keep the beaten track.
 But, little maidens, ne'er stray
 With older cousins, who may gallop back
 And bid you find your *own* way.

THE VELOCIPED.

An uncouth and funny machine,
I 'm sure all hands are agreed,
At least to those who have thought
Of this modern velocipede.

A straddlebug whirling along,
Or scorpion fiery red;
A pokerish thing it is true,
As 'ever was sung of, or read.

Some little experience I 've had,
And no small trouble indeed,
When my own little girl did entreat
In tears for a velocipede.

“ *You* want a velocipede?
My dear, they are only for boys;
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Don't think of the ugly thing more,
But other more *suitable* toys."

"I can't; I must have it, and will.
O mother, I 'm sure this is fair:
You buy it, I 'll ask nothing *more*
And be the best girl anywhere."

Well, she got it; and over the house
It rumbles and thunders each day;
'T will meet you at every turn,
And always is right in the way.

Sometimes in the passage it stands,
So quietly waiting its prey,
And if you once over it fall,
You 'll wish it were farther away.

Or, sitting down, may be, at rest,
Enjoying a little repose,
It stealeth along without noise
Right over the tips of your toes.

I only wish some one would try
 To move this thing out of his path;
 To see it twist over and round
 Would certainly vex or make laugh.

Refusing straight forward to go,
 The wheels they will cling to the floor,
 Till, tenderly taking it up,
 You carry outside of the door.

They say that small troubles are hardest
 For poor human nature to bear;
 So if you are tol'rably happy,
 Of this new invention beware.

One recommendation it has:
 'T is as independent a team
 As Boyton's stemming the tide
 Without either horses or steam.

My little girl rides through the room,
 On *seeing*, perhaps you would say
Another fact plainly appears:
 Incipient "woman's rights" play.

MARDI GRAS AND MYSTICK KREWE.

“ O, mother! now promise me, do!

Say ‘ Yes!’ my dearest mamma;

I want to go see Mr. Crew,

And have a new suit Muddy Graw.

“ My Muddy Graw suit shall be pink,

Bordered all ’round with pale blue.

What kind of a mask? Let me think:

A white one, of silk; that will do.

“ I shall run through the streets, mother dear,

And take a long stick with me, too;

And if I can get pretty near,

I am going to hit Mr. Crew.

“ And won’t it be awfully funny,

To know folks, and *they* not know *me*?

And you must give me some money,

To buy some nice cakes and candy.

“ Is Muddy Graw always the same ?

And why do they dress up so queer ?

And who was it gave it the name ?

And why don't it come twice a year ?

“ O ! in the procession I 'll walk,

Close by that bullfrog in green ;

And then if I can't make him *talk*

He shall *hop* so as never was seen.

“ And ain't the ‘ big folks ’ very funny ?

I 'm sure they must all like to *play* ;

They spend so much time and their money

Getting up a great Muddy Graw day.

“ And then they must try to play king,

And have soldiers and dukes for a guard.

If children should do the same thing,

I 'm sure they would *talk* to them, hard.

“ But we ‘ little folks ’ will learn how,

So when we grow older we may

For nothing, get up a big row,

And have a grand Muddy Graw day.”

THE LITTLE GIRL.

Little girl, just ten years old,
Dewy eyes and hair of gold,
 Cherry lip and teeth of pearl,
Dimpled joy on cheek and chin,
Nursed by roses gathered in
Angelic gardens, blessed by Him
 Who gave to earth the little girl.

Winsome sprite; thy play-house make,
Where no storm its structure shake;
 Peopled all by Fancy's quirl—
Bid thy mother to the cheer;
None to thee were half so dear,
 Fairy home of little girl.

Dancing elf! no cares enthrall,
Free in movement, blithe in call;
 Cease the years their constant whirl;
Leave the dainty doll in hand,
Crossing ne'er the dangerous strand;
 Forever be the little girl.

SAD NEWS.

Flashed across the wires this warning,
 “ There is danger.” Hold thy breath—
Gasping, groaning, wait till morning,
 Whether it be Life or Death !

Better this suspense than clicking
 Of the wires *worse* news to bring ;
Clicking, clicking, dread Death-ticking—
 News thy inmost soul shall wring.

On they come!—the words that slay us,
 Clicking, clicking, dread Death-ticking—
“ Died this morning ! ” Stun, waylay us,
 Clicking, clicking, dread Death-ticking !

Pause not ! hurry !—pack and speed thee,
 Fast as iron horse can bear ;

Though the dead no longer need thee,
Naught can stay thy progress there.

One last look ere sunk forever
That loved form, so grand and fair ;
One sad kiss, then from her sever,
Till thy spirit meet hers there,
Where no clicking, dread Death-ticking,
Plunge the soul in dark despair!

SHE 'S DEAD.

All things move on ; and yet she 's dead.

Men rushing to and fro,
And women to their daily works
As eagerly do go.

It seemed to me a stroke had stilled
Great Nature's active course,
As palsy in the human frame
Doth paralyze its force.

Our prop so firm thus snatched away,
With trembling feet we tread ;
And faint and sad, no sound we hear,
But a wailing voice, " She 's dead ! "

'T is echoed on the midnight air,
And in the glare of day ;
We look on things both fair and bright,
But only see *decay*.

Our every thought was linked with hers
 Through long successive years ;
 Her joys and ours were ever shared,
 And all our doubts and fears.

When sore perplexed with worldly cares,
 As sibyl clear and wise,
 At once she 'd point the brighter way,
 And pleasantly advise.

Her wholesome laugh, and queenly grace ;
 Her rare perceptive glance ;
 Her rich ideas and sweet-toned voice —
 Each charm did each enhance.

To think of *her* beneath the sod —
 The useful, grand and good,
 Doth quench the light within our hearts,
 And saps the warm life-blood.

And filling all the murky air,
 The sound so chill and dread
 Is ringing now, will ring for aye,
 For *us*, “ She ’s dead — she ’s dead ! ”

AFFLICTION.

O, God ! Thy blows are heavy. To the dust
Thou smitest.

Year by year, with Death's relentless thrust
Our best and brightest

Taken ; eclipsed our sun ;

Though stricken, we would not rebel
Against Thy power.

Thou say'st, "Affliction, it is well."

Consecrate the hour :

"Thy will be done."

Art gone — all gone, dear ones, forever,
From our gaze ?

No more in converse sweet to meet together
Through our days ?

Our course be quickly run ;

Or grant us that great peace, kind Heaven,
 'Bove despair,
And in Thee perfect trust be given,
 Hear our prayer:
 "Thy will be done."

EPITAPH.

Grand Spirit, freed from earthly chains,
Art thou here?
Lingering o'er what yet remains
To all so dear?
Pure-kept tenement of clay—
It were *like* thee, canst thou see
Our deep woe,
To strengthen with thy sympathy,
And to show
Our *best*, our brightest way.
We 'll believe, then, by God's favor
Gleams of light
Through *thee* bid our faith ne'er waver
In our night;
And hope for many an unseen token
From thee to our hearts, nigh broken.

MAY.

Earth is all clothed in fresh beauty —
In the fresh beauty of May,
Showing and yielding her treasures,
Perfected every day.

May, the last sister of spring-time,
Gayest and brightest of all,
Kisseth the buds into blossoms,
Waking from sleep at her call, —

Tinteth the fields and the leaflet
Luminous emerald green,
Glows through her showers and sunshine,
E'en brighter for shading between.

Nature renewed and rejoicing :
Should *we* not rejoice with her, too ?

Casting our cares and our sorrows

On Him who worse terrors passed through ?

With hearts renewed by God's mercy,

Await the Millennial Day,

And gather our woes and our sorrows

To offer as flowers of May.

DAVIS' NECK, BAY VIEW.

FROM LEGEND.

“O, mother! look down on the island.
Can you not see a strange light,
That streams from its heart ever upward,
And glows at its source so bright?
O, deep in the heart of the island,
Such treasures, dear mother, do lie,
Would cover the earth with a glory
As stars in the night-time the sky!
They say a seaman bold
Buried silver and gold
And jewels rare untold;
And, mother, they 're waiting for me,
Down deep in the isle of the sea.”

“My child, banish all thoughts so foolish!
The sunbeams only I see;

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And dream not, like many another,
 Treasures are waiting for thee.
 I've lived many years near the island,
 And heard of its buried gold,
 And of many enticed into searching
 Till hope as the tide grew cold.
 They say a pirate dread
 With wicked hands and red
 Robbed the defenceless dead,
 Then buried, deep from human eyes,
 His rich but most unhallowed prize."

"But, mother, we've delved till I'm weary;
 And still may delve till we die,
 And gain of the world's great profusion
 Only a scanty supply.
 I long for the ease and the pleasure
 Riches would bring, and can see
 These stones to castles converted—
 Grand homes for you and for me.
 O, mother! in my dream
 I've seen a hidden gleam
 Of fortune's golden stream,

Down deep in the isle of the sea,
And no one can find it but me."

Away ran the maiden, ne'er heeding
Her mother's warning and call,
And reaching the rough little island
Straight down on her knees did fall.
A stone in her small hand for spading,
She works with prophetic skill,
When sudden, she sees the gold shining,
And feels an electric thrill.
Little maiden, beware!
It will prove but a snare,
Have a care; have a care!
The tempter is waiting for thee;
He reigns o'er this isle of the sea.

But the maiden works on until weary.
She stops and gazes around.
Rich coin in countless profusion
Glitters in heaps on the ground.
Her eye has a new gleam of triumph;
Her cheek the carnation's red,

And visions of forth-coming pleasures
 Danced through her little dazed head.
 Crimson waves flood the west;
 Sunset splendidly drest;
 Daylight sinking to rest.
 But joy in brighter waves doth roll
 Over the maiden's heart and soul.

She dances, she sings and her shoutings
 Are echoed from shore to shore;
 She falls on the bright heaps before her
 And kisses them o'er and o'er.
 "I'll build a fine palace for mother;
 With horses and coach beside;
 In dresses of silk and of satin,
 To town each day we will ride.
 O, so happy and free!
 No more work for me!
 A great lady I'll be!"
 So sang the maiden and frolicked away
 Till the great red sun sank into the bay.

To carry the gold from the island
 She now begins to prepare,

And using her hat for a basket
 She fills with the treasure rare.
 Her apron so large, and of homespun,
 The strength of her arm will test.
 What matter? Her heart it is buoyant
 And glows like the crimson west.
 Maiden, tarry awhile.
 The tempter's dazzling smile
 Still longer will beguile,
 Delighted to sport with his prey.
 Drink deep of the cup while you may.

She reaches the edge of the island,
 The tide comes rolling in;
 But, horror! What now meets her vision,
 With eyes so stony and grim?
 A phalanx of branching-horned oxen—
 Faces all turned to her view,
 The island completely surrounding,
 Leaving no space to go through.
 And high the tide doth flow,
 And over them doth throw
 Great flecks of foam, like snow;

And the maiden is white and cold
As if in her winding sheet rolled.

Their branching, white horns at her shaking,
 A plaything of her would make ;
And the great firm eyes at her gazing
 Cause her to tremble and shake.
The grasp on her treasure grows feeble,
 The coin is slipping away ;
She heeds not, sees naught but horned cattle
 In the fierce-rolling tide at bay.
 A mocking laugh doth ring ;
 The voice of demon-king ;
 Echoing voices sing.
Lurid light o'er the island plays,
Brighter than sunset's crimson rays.

The form of the maiden is rigid ;
 Her eyes have a vacant stare ;
The basket has fallen beside her ;
 Her apron empty and bare.
No longer the horns at her shaking,
 And calmly floweth the tide ;

No longer great eyes at her gazing,

Rising from every side.

She wakes as from a dream,

And everything doth seem

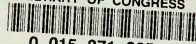
The same as when the beam

Of sunlight o'er the island shed

A meteor charm that so misled.



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